

# COMPENDIOUS BOOKE, OF GODLY AND SPIRITVALL SONGS.

Collected out of fundrie partes of the Scripture  
with fundrie of other Ballates changed out of  
prophaine fanges, for avoyding of sinne and  
harlotrie, with augmentation of fundrie gude  
and godly Ballates, not contained in the first  
Edition.

*Newlie corrected and amended by  
the first originall Copie.*



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## THE PROLOGVE.

**P**AUL<sup>y</sup> writand to the Coloss. in his third<sup>vi</sup> Chapter, sayes; Let the word of God dwell<sup>a</sup> in you plenteouſlie in all wiſdome; teaching & exhorting your ſelues with Pſalmes & hymns, and ſpirituall ſangs, quhilk haue luſe to God, and fauours his Word. We haue heir an plain text, that the word of God increſſis plenteouſly in vs, by ſinging of Pſalmes and ſpirituall ſangs, and that ſpecially amang yong perſons, and ſik as are not exerciſed in the Scriptures. For they will ſooner conſaue the true word, nor quhen they heir it ſung in Latine, the quhilk they wot noght what it is. But quhen they heir it ſung, or ſings it themſelues into their vulgar toung with ſweet melody: then ſall they loue their God, with hart & minde: and cauſe them till put away bawdrie and vnclein Sangs. Praiſe to God. Amen.



## *The text of the Catechisme.*

**T**He text of the Catechisme or Instruction of Christen men.

Whilk is necessary to euery man that wald be saved, to knaw and exercise themselves dayly therein, containand the ten commandements of God.

The twelf Articles of our Faith.

The Lords Prayer, or Pater noster.

Of our Baptisme and of the Lords Supper.

And first the ten commandements of God as they are written in Exod, xx, Chap.

**I** Am the Lord thy GOD quhilk haue brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage: thou sall not haue any vther strange gods befoze my face.

**T**hou sall not make to thy selfe any grauen Image, nor the similitude of any thing that is in heu-  
en aboue, or in the earth beneth, or in the waters vnder the earth. Thou sall noght bow downe thy selfe to them, nor worship them. For I the Lord thy God am a ielous God and visites the sinnes of the Fathers vpon the Children, vnto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and shaws mercie vnto thousands of them that lufe me, and keep my Commandements.

**T**hou sall not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vaine, for the Lord wil not hald him guiltles that taketh his Name in vaine.

## The ten Commandements.

Remember that thou keep haly the Sabath day.

Honour thy Father and Mother.

Thou shall noght slay.

Thou shall not commit Adultery.

Thou shall noght steill.

Thou shall not beir fals witnes against thy Neigh-  
bour.

Thou shall noght desire thy Neighbours house.

Thou shall noght desire thy Neighbours wife, nor his  
seruant, nor his Maiden, nor his ore, nor his asse,  
nor ony thing that is his.

¶ Followes the threathing of God, made to them  
that brekis his Commandements, and  
his promises made to them that  
keepe them, Deut. 17.

¶ Cursit ar they that continew is not in all the  
Words of this Law to do them, and all the pepill  
shall say Amen. Exod. xx.

¶ Followes the twelue Articles of our Faith or  
Creed, as they were written by the A-  
postles to the three persons  
in Trinity.

I beleue in God the Father Almighty, Maker  
of heuin and earth.

And in Jesus Christ his only Sonne our Lord.

Whilk was consauit by the haly Gaist, bozne of  
of the Virgin Mary.



## The Creed.

- 4 Sufferit vnder Ponce Pylat. was crucified, died  
and buried, he descended into the Hell.
- 5 The thirde day he raise againe fra the deid.
- 6 He ascended into heuin, and sits at the right  
hand of God the Father Almighty.
- 7 Fra thence sall he cum to iudge the quicke and  
the deid.
- 8 I beleue in the haly Gaiſt.
- 9 The haly Catholicke Kirke, the communion of  
Santis.
- 10 The remission of finnes.
- 11 The resurrection of the body.
- 12 And life euerlasting.

**A I P I S.**

**P** Followes the Lords Prayer or Pater noster, as it is  
written in the 6 Chapter of Mat. Quibilk Christ  
learned vs to pray, commandand vs to pray:  
and promise to heare vs. Conteinand

7 Petitions, and all things necessary for vs.

**O**ur Father that art in heuin, hallowed be thy  
Name.

- 2 Thy Kingdome come.
- 3 Thy will be done in earth as it is in heuin.
- 4 Giue vs this day our dayly bread.
- 5 Forgiue vs our trespasses, as wee forgiue them  
that trespas against vs.
- 6 And lead vs not into temptation.
- 7 But deliuer vs from euill. For thine is the King  
dome, the power and the gloir for euer Amen.

Follow

## Of our Baptisme

**G**oe your way, and teich all Nations, Baptise them, In the Name of the Father, of the Son, and of the holy Ghost. Mat. 16. Goe your way into all the World and preich the Euangell till all Creatures: And quha that beleuis and is Baptised, shall be saued: But quha that beleuis not, be shall be condemned. Tit. 3. Pought fory works of righteousness which we haue wrought, but after his great mercy, God hes saued vs by the fontaine of the new birth, and renewing of the holy Ghost: Whilke hee shed, on vs abundantly throu Jesus Christ our Saviour, that wee being made righteous by his grace suld be aires of Eternall life, according to the hope that is trew. Rom. 6. Therefore are wee buryit with Christ in Baptisme into deid: sa as Christ was raisit from deid by the gloze of his Father, euen sa also wee suld walke in a new life.

Followis the Lordis Supper as it is writtin in the  
1. Epist. to the Corinth. Chap. 2.

**T**hat whilke I haue deliuered vnto you, I receiue of the Lord. For the Lord Jesus the same night in the whilke hee was betrayed, toke the Bread brake it, and gaue thanks, and saide, Take ye, eit ye, that is my bodie whilke is broken for you, doe ye in remembrance of mee. After the same maner also, hee take the Cup when the Supper was done, and saide, This Cup is the New Testament in my blood, doe this ( als oft as ye drink it ) in remembrance of mee



## The Lords Supper.

of mee, for als oft as shall ye eite of this Bread, and  
drinke of this Cup, ye shall shaw the Lordes deite  
vntill his comming. Wherefore, whasaeuer shall eite  
of this Bread, and drinke of this Cup, of the Lord  
vnworthelie shall be guiltie of his body and blude of the

Lord: Bot let euerie man examine himselfe,  
and let him eite of this Bread, and drinke  
of this Cup. For hee that eitis and  
drinkes vnworthelie, eitis and  
drinkes his own condemna-  
tion, because he makes na  
difference of the Lords  
bodie and blude.

Followes the power of binding and loosing  
granted to the preachers of Gods  
word. Mat. 16.

The keyis of heuin will I giue vnto the. Quhatso-  
euer thou shalt bind vpon the eird, shall be  
bound also in heuin: and quhatsoever thou shalt  
loose vpon the eird, shall be loosed also in heuin.  
Quhais Sinnes ye forgiue, are forgiven vnto  
them, and quhais Sinnes ye reteine, are reteined  
vnto them.

Heir followis the Catechisme put in meter,  
to be sung with the tune, and first  
the ten Commandis.

**M**oyses vpon the Mount Sinay,  
With the grit God spake face to face,  
Fastand and prayand but delay,  
The tyme of fourtie dayis space,  
O God be mercifull to vs.

And God gaif him thir ten Commandis,  
To teach to mankynd euery ane,  
And waite thame with his awin handis,  
Twyse on twa Tablis made of stane.  
O God be mercifull to vs.

I am thy God allanerly,  
Serue me in feir and faith thairfoir,  
Wirschip na kynd of Imagery,  
And geue na creature my gloir,  
O God be mercifull to vs.

2 Take nocht the Name of God in vaine.  
Bot lat your talke be nay and ye  
except ane Judge do you constrainie,  
To testifie the veritie,  
O God be mercifull to vs.

3 Work na euill wark on haly day,  
Kepe from all filthie lust and sleuth,  
Walk and be sober fast and pray,



Moyſes vpon the Mount Sinay,  
Heir him that preiche the word of treuth,  
O God be mercifull to vs.

4 Honour thy Elders: and thame ſupple,  
Giſ that they neid of the requyre,  
Obey all Iudges in thair degre,  
O dan'd ouer the till haue Impyre,  
O God be mercifull vnto vs.

5 Thow ſall not ſlay in no kyn wiſe,  
Incounſell thocht nor outward deid.  
Be thow ane Iudge or on ane ſyle,  
In Iudgement ordourly proceid,  
O God be mercifull to vs.

6 Commit na kynd of lecherie,  
Bot leiſ ane chaſt and ſober lyfe,  
Want thow the gift of Chaſtity,  
Burne not in luſt, bot wed ane wyfe,  
O God be mercifull vnto vs.

7 Commit na thiſt, na man thow reiſ,  
Leue on thy wage, thy rent or work.  
Hald na mans geir, lat nane the criſ,  
Beg not and thow be haille and ſtark,  
O God be mercifull vnto vs.

8 Beir na witnes with fals report,  
Incontrair iuſt and righteous men,  
Defame na man in ony ſort,  
Suppois his falt or vice thow ken,  
O God be mercifull to vs.

We trow in God allanerly.

9 Thy neichtbouris wyfe, hous, heritage,  
Thow couet not to the noz wis,  
His hoys, his Dre, his Mayd, his Page,  
Noz ony gudis that is his,  
O God be mercifull to vs.

10 Our poysond nature (allace thairfor)  
Can neuer mair this Law fulfill  
Bot greuand God ay moir and moir,  
And can nocht wick his godly will.  
O God be mercifull to vs.

Than quhy gaue God to vs this Law,  
The quhilk be na way we can keip,  
That we be it our Sin suld knaw,  
Repent and mende, and for it weip,  
O God be mercifull to vs.

Trew Faith in Chzist wickand be lufe,  
Shall saue vs from the fyze of hell,  
Thocht Goddis Angell wald this repuse,  
As fals and curst ye him expell,  
O God be mercifull to vs. FINIS.

Followis of our Creid.

**W**E trow in God allanerly,  
Full of micht and Maiesty,  
Maker of heuin and eird sa braid,  
Quhilk hes him selfe our Father maid.  
And we his Sonnes ar in deid,  
He will vs keip in all our neid,



The Lordis Prayer.

Baith Saule and body to defend,  
That no mischance sall vs offend,  
He takis cure baith day and nicht,  
To saue vs thzow his godly micht,  
From Satrans subtilty and flicht.

We trow in Jesus Chzist his Sone,  
God lyke in gloir, our Lord allone,  
Dubilk, for his mercy and his grace,  
Wald man be bozne to mak our peace,  
Of Marje mother Virgin chaste,  
Conseuit be the haly Chaiſt  
And for our saik on Croce did die,  
Fra Sin and Hell to mak vs fre,  
And rais from deith thzow his godheid  
Our Mediatour and our remeid,  
Hall cum to Judge baith quick and deid.

We trow in God the haly Spzeit,  
In all destres our comfort sweit:  
We trow the Kirk Catholick be,  
And faithfull Chzistin companie,  
Thzow all the world with ane accord,  
Remission of our Sin we trow,  
And this same flesche that leuis now,  
Hall stand vp at the latter day,  
And bzuke Eternall life for ay.

FINIS.

O Ur Father God Omnipotent,  
Duben Chzist thy Sone was heir present

## The Lordis Prayer.

He bad vs euer pray to the  
Becaus we knew not for to pray  
He leirnit vs quhat we suld say,  
Oyne hecht to heir vs mercifully.

When the to call is thy command,  
Thyne alwin wordis than vnderstand,  
Dubilk thou hes pcomeist for till heir,  
Behalde not my vnworthines.  
Not luke till Chzist is richteousnes,  
So with thy Faith my Spzeit vp steir.

And thou will haue alanerlie,  
Hoschhip in Spzeit and verity,  
And till nane vther gif thy gloir,  
Thy name than lat vs loue and dreid,  
And call on it in all our neid,  
And thank and loue the euermoir.

Destroy the Deuill his Kealme and Kenge,  
Dubilk of this warld is Prince and King.  
And lat thy Gospell be our gyde,  
Conforme our life eftir thy word,  
That we may Regne for euer O Lord,  
In thy kinrik with the to byde.

God grant that we may wick thy will,  
In eird thy plesour to fulfill;  
Nelyke as in the heuin Impyre  
And quhat that euer we take on hand  
May be conforme to thy commands  
And nathing eftir our desire.



## The Lordis Prayer.

Gene vs this day our dayly bzeid,  
And all thing that thou hes maid,  
Foz mannis sustentatioun,  
And all thing quhairof we haue neid  
Our Soull and body foz to feid  
But sleuth o2 solistatioun.

Fozgeue our Sinnis and our trespass  
Foz Chzistis saik quhilk geuin was  
To deid foz our Redemptioun  
As we fozgeue all Creature  
Offendand vs baith rich and pure  
Hartfully without exemption.

Defend vs frome temptatioun  
The feind and his veratioun  
The world sa fals the fragill flesche  
Saif vs frome Ichame and from dispaire  
From vnbeleue and Lollareis lair,  
And deuillis doctrine mair and les.

Delyuer vs from euillis all  
Baith Spirituall and Cozpozall  
And grant vs grace quhen we sall die  
And fra this pzent life we wend  
That we may mak ane blissit end  
Hyne regne with the Eternally.

Power no2 gloir Impyre no2 tryne  
Is nane in heuin no2 eird bot thyne  
And euermair sall sa remaine  
Thairfoir thou may and will releue

## Of our Baptisme.

All thame that can in Christ beleue  
Frome deid the Deuill and hellis paine.

FINIS.

Followis the effect of the Sacrament of Baptisme,  
and first Institution thair of: declaring alswa  
quhat singular comfort we obtaine  
be the saming.

**C**hrist baptist was be John in Jordan flude  
For to fulfill for vs all richteousnes,  
And our Baptisme dotit with Sanctitude,  
And greit vertew, to wescche our sinfulness,  
To drowne the deid and hell for to oppres,  
Quhen Goddis word, with water ioynit be,  
Thro the Faith to giue vs lyfe Eternally.

For our waiknes God of his mercy sweit,  
To strench our Faith ordand this Sacrament,  
In name of Father Sone and haly Spzeit:  
To wescche our body, and in our mynde to pzent  
That word and water outward represent,  
Thro working of the Spzeit into our hart,  
That Christis blude weschis away the sin Inwart.

Our Baptisme is ane takin and ane signe,  
That ald Adame suld drownit be and die  
And grauit in the deid of Christ our King,  
To ryse with him to lyfe Eternally,  
That is, we suld our sin ay mortifie,  
Resistand vice, liue haly, Just and trew,  
And thro the Spirite dayly our lyfe renew.



## Of our Baptisme.

Be figure and be worde, Christ did vs teich,  
The Fatheris voice was hard saying full cleir  
Jesus quhome I haif send my word to preich,  
He is my weilbelouit Sone so deir,  
In word, in wark, allone ze sall him heir.  
In him is all my plesour and delite,  
To him I you commit baith small and greit.

The haly Gaist come down to testifie,  
His doctrine and his Baptisme to declair  
In forme of dow sat on him soberlie  
In our Baptisme to dout not nor despair  
Baith Father Sone and haly Gaist at thair  
To be our gyde the Trynitie him sell,  
Hes geuin in eird with vs to dwell.

Christ had his Apostillis preich to all creature  
That thay with sin, and hell war all forlozne  
Quha will beleif and traist my wordis sure,  
And Baptist is and now againe is bozne  
And Sathan and his warkis hes forsworne  
Thay salbe saif and neuer mair sall die  
Bot ring in glozie perpetuall with me.

Quha will not this greit grace beleif to hell  
Salbe condemnit with Eternall deid,  
Quhair Purgatorie and pardonis will not sell,  
And gud intent thair pylat plycht and leid  
Dum ceremoneis the quhilk them self hes maid  
And wovis vaine quhilk thay did neuer keip  
Sall gar them gnasche thair teith and eyis weip.

## The Lordis Supper.

Our eine seis outward bot the watter cauld,  
Bot our pure faith the power spirituall  
Of Chzistis blude inwart it dois behald,  
Quhilk is ane leuand well Celestiall,  
Fit for to purge the penitent withall.  
Our nature sin, in Adam to expell  
And all trespas, committit be our sell.

Our Baptisme is not done all on ane day  
Bot all our life it leffis Adentlie.  
Remissioun of our sin, induris for ay.  
For thocht we fall thzow greit fragilitie  
The cunnand anis contract faithfully  
Be our grit God, at Font sall euer remaine  
Als oft as we repent and sin refraine.

We can not giue to God louing conding  
For sa grit grace and mercie infynit  
Quhilk institute this Sacrament and Sing  
Quhais grit vertew in vers I can not dyte,  
Bot mony cunning Clerk of it dois wyte  
Full Chzistianlie? als the Catechisme buke  
Declaris at lenth, quha list to luke.

The Supper of the Lord and richt  
wise of it to be sung.

**O**ur Saviour Chzist King of grace.  
With God the Father made our peace  
And with his bludie wounds feill  
Bes vs redemit from the hell.

And



The Lordis Supper.

And he that we sould not forzet  
Gaif vs his body for to eit  
In forme of breid and gaue vs syne,  
His blude to drinke in forme of wyne.

Quha will ressaue this Sacrament  
Suld haue trew faith and sin repent  
Quha vsis it vnmozt helis  
Kessauis deid Eternallie.

We suld to God giue prais and glorie  
That sched his blude vs to restoir,  
Cit this in his remembrance  
In signe of thy deliuerance.

Thow sould not dout but fast beleue  
That Chzistis body sall ressaue  
All them that in heauines  
Repentand fore thair sinfulness.

Sik grace and mercie nane can traist  
Bot thay that troublit hertis haist.  
Feill thow than sin and abstene thy sell  
Or thy reward salbe in hell.

Chzist sayis sinneris cum vnto me,  
Quhilk myster hes of my mercie.  
Peidis thow not my medecine  
I lose my paine and traouelling.

Giue thow thy self thy saull culd win.  
In vaine I diet for thy sinne  
My Supper is not greitbit for the?

## The Graces.

Woe thou can make thy self supple,  
Will thou thy sinfull lyfe confesse  
And with this wark thy faith expres,  
As ar ye worthie small and greit  
And it sall strenty your faith perfyte,  
And thou sall thankfull be thairfoir,  
And loue thy God for evermoir,  
Thy Nychbour late and als supple,  
His neid, as Christ hes done for the.

Certane graces to be sung or said  
befoir meit or estir.

**A**ll meit and drink was creat be the Lord.  
Kessavit for to be with thankfulnes.  
To all faithfull knaweris of the trew word  
Do satisfie thair neid with sobernes  
All fude is gude the quhilk God creat hes  
And not to be refusit ony day,  
Only to God geuing the louing ay,  
Be prayer and be Goddis word all meit  
Unto the clene all thingis is clene to eit  
Therefore we pray his godly Maiestie  
To blis our meit and all our companie.  
And saif vs from excès and drunkinnes.  
Efter our meit to thank his gentilnes.

Christ leirnit vs on God how we sould call.  
And bad vs pray, syne hecht to heare vs all  
Our Father God quhilk is in heuin sa hie,



## The Graces.

Thy glorious name with vs mot hallowit be,  
Lat cum to vs thy kindome and thy gloir,  
Thy will mot be fulfillit euermoir.  
In eird as it is in heuin but variance.  
Gif vs this day our dayly sustenance,  
Forgif our dettis for Chzistis pane and smart,  
As we forgiue our betteris with our hert  
And leid vs not into temptatioun,  
Bot for Chzist Iesus bitter passioun.  
Delyuer vs from euillis spirituall  
And corporall now and perpetuall,  
Saif vs gude Lord for thy pomeis deuyne.  
For kindome, Power, glorie all is thyne,  
For ay Amen, Lat it be sa euer, we the pray.  
We thank our God baith kynde and liberall,  
His grace and mercie dois euer indure  
He geuis sustentatioun to vs all  
To man and beist and euerie creature  
And he allone dois feid baith riche and pure  
Thairfoir to God be gloir allanerlye:  
Thow Iesus Chzist we thank him hertfullie

Say the Lordis prayer aboue writtin  
befoir Supper,

**A**ll Creature on the Lord dependis,  
Their sustenance for to ressaue of the.  
Their meit and drink in tyme to them thou sendis:  
Thow opinnis furth thy hand full gracionlie,  
And satisfis all flesh abundantlie.  
Blis vs gude Lord into thir giftis gude,

## The Graces.

Quhilk thow hes ginen to vs to be our fude.

Say the Lordis Prayer or ane part of the  
Catechisme efter Supper.

**O**ur gude God of warldis Lord and King,  
Full of mercie onlie trew and wyse.

Be louing, honour, gloir, without ending  
Kingdome, impyre hiest renoun and pryse  
With mynde and mouth gif we a thousand tyme  
All gloir to him, quhilk alone worthie is  
Asking for Christ to bring vs to his blys.

Say the Lordis Prayer aboue writtin  
ane grace to be sung.

**W**e thank the God, of thy gudnes,  
Thow Jesus Christ our gracious Lord.  
For thy grit mercie and gentilnes  
Quhilk seidis vs with thy sweet word,  
When all that euer take lyfe of the,  
Thow satisfys abundantlie,  
We praise the all with one accord.

As thow hes fed the sinfull fleshe  
Quhilk sone sall die, and turne in ash  
Whiclyke the fillie saull refresche.  
The quhilk immortall creat was.  
God for thy grace and mercie greit?  
Grant vs ane steidfast faith perfyte  
And in thy gloir with the to passe.

To God on hicht be louing maist  
Quhilk louffis sin alanerlie,



Sore I complaine.  
Will all that will repent and traist,  
On Iesus Christ his Sone onlie  
Thow makis them thy Sone and air.  
Thow him thow will them saif from cair.  
To whome be gloir Eternallie.

Followis Spirituall sangis and ane Con-  
fessioun of sin with ane Prayer.

**S**ore I complaine of Sin.  
And with King David weip,  
I feill my hart within,  
The wraith of God full deip  
I wyte my greit trespass:  
Is caus of all my wo  
Dubair with God greuit was  
Full soze and oft also.

**O** God I me confes,  
Ane sinfull creature  
Full of all wretchednesse,  
Fragill baine, byld and pure  
Thair is na gude in me  
Bot, pryde lust, and desyere,  
And warldis vanitie,  
The way to helkis syze.

Except God do me saue,  
From hell and endlesse paine,  
My sin will me deffauie,  
Dubilk I can not refraine  
My only hope and traist

Sore I complaine.

elp my fragilitie  
by sinnis to detest  
resistand constandlie.

O Cast me not away  
for my greit sinne O Lord,  
grant my vices all  
blasphemit hes thy word,  
God for thy greit mercie,  
and Christis woundis wyde  
ane steidfast faith grant me  
allone to be my gyde.

Christ Goddis Sone alone  
victour of deid and hell,  
thow take my nature on.  
By sinnis to expell.  
And gaif thy self to plaige,  
Oe Catiue to conuoy  
to my richt heritage  
from paine to heuinly Joy.

Thy seruand Lord defend,  
Whom thow hes bocht so deir,  
Crete preichouris to me send  
Thy word to schaw me cleir  
that me my life amend,  
and thairin perseuer,  
Grant me ane blessit end  
When I sall part from heir.

O Lord God haly Sprit



We wratchit Sinners.

Full of benignitie  
Trew Christis pomeis sweet  
Teich me the veritie.  
Expell my Ignorance,  
My sinnis mortifie  
Grant me perseuerance.  
Unto the end trewlie. FINIS.

Followis ane sang of our corrupt nature,  
and the only remeid thairof.

**W**e wratchit sinners pure  
Dur sin hes vs forlozne.  
Thairin all creature consauit is and bozne,  
Sin hes wrought vs sic paine  
That we without remeid,  
Condamnit are and flaine to hell the deuill and  
Lord haue mercie on vs, Christ haue mercy &c.

Dur warkis can not be,  
As dois the Law requyre  
Nor yet can satisfie. Dur Fatheris wraith and Ire  
No deid can mak vs fre.  
From our grit sinfulness.  
Cut Goddis Sone must die, For our vnrighthouse  
Lord haue mercy. Christ haue &c.

O had not Christ bene send,  
Cled in our vyld nature.  
Fra hell vs to defend  
Dur deidlie wound to cure!  
And willinglie to die,

We wratchit Sinners.

a sin to mak vs cleane.

le had Eternally

hell condampnit bene.

ed haue mercy. Christ haue mercie. Lord of.

an now hes thy peace

lk lufe God schawist the,

takis the in his grace,

s moztall enemye.

now faith in Christ so kynde,

whilk frelie gaue him sell.

a croce for to be pynd.

o saif vs from the hell.

ed haue mercy. Christ haue mercie. Lord of.

his we sould ener beleue.

ed nocht despair for sin

2 hell can not vs greue,

he doid no? Deuill thairin.

he ar maid Just and richt,

o fred from paynes sore

now Christ that Lord of might

iffit for evermore

ed haue mercie. Christ haue mercie. Lord of.

airfor let vs loue and praise

o the father feruentlie,

he thank ane thousand tyme

is Sonnis Maistie.

he praye the haly Gaist

ur sin to mortifye



The flesche and the Spirit.  
And nocht despair bot traist.  
Goddis word maist faithfully  
Lord haue mercy. Christ haue mercy. Lord &c.

Ane sang of the flesche and the Spirit.

**A**ll Christin men take tent and lie  
How Saull and body ar at wic  
Upon this eird baith lait and air  
With cruell battell identlie  
And ane may nocht ane vther lie.

The flesche.

The flesche said, sen I haif haill  
In willin youth with lustis dail  
O age with sorrow me assail  
With ioy I will my time ouerdryue,  
And will not with my lustis tryue.

The Spreit.

The Spreit said thocht I charge the nocht  
Dreid God and haue his law in thocht  
Thow hecht quhen: thow to font was brocht  
Efter his law lust to refraine  
And nocht to wick his word agane.

The flesche.

The flesche said I am stark and wyght,  
No wacht gude wyne, fresche cauld and bricht,  
And tak my plesour day and night,  
With singin playing and to dance  
And set on far and seuin the chance.

The Spirit.

The Spirit said think on the rich man,

The flesche and the Spirit.

hilk all tyme in his lustis ran.  
y and Saul he loiffit than  
synde was buryit into hell.  
Jesus Chzist hes said him sell.

The flesche.

he flesche said quhat bald I of this  
er yneuch and tyme thair is.  
age for till amend my misse  
from my vicious lyfe conuert  
hen sadnes hes ouer set my hart.

The Spirit.

he Spirit said, power thow hes none.  
poucht noz yit in eild bygone.  
th twinkling of ane eye anone.  
dall the tak at euin oz mozne  
certayne tyme set the befozne.

The flesche.

he flesche said all tyme air and lait,  
all warldly wyse estait,  
d lust bertew in thair consait  
th thame I will persew my weird,  
long as I leue on this eird.

The Spirit.

he Spirit zit sall cum the day  
Saul sall part the body fray,  
an quhat sall help thy game oz play  
hen thow man turnit be in as  
first in eird quhen thow maide was.

The flesche.

he flesche said, thow hes vincult me,



The flesche and the Spirit.

I fraist eternall gloir to be  
Christ grant that I may cum thairby  
Now will I to my God returne:  
Repent my sin richt soze I mune.

The Spirit.

The Spirit nane to schame I dye  
Ane contreit hert help God alyue.  
The flesche man die, with pane and stryue  
For it was bozne to that intent  
In eird with wormes for to be rent.

The flesche.

The flesche said, O Lord God of peace,  
Help me to turne thow Christis grace,  
O holy Gost my faith increse  
That I may thole this eirthlie noy,  
My hope is in Eternall ioy.

The Spirit.

The Spirit said, now I haif my micht,  
Whoch I be ane vnworthie knyght.  
Thow God the quhilk is onlie richt  
Thow saif me from the Deuillis net.  
Thairfoze thow on the Croce was plet.

The Dyter.

Now hes this ballat heir an end,  
God grant ilk man his hart a kend,  
To sin na more syne to Christ wend  
Than sall he turne agane to vs  
And giue vs his eternall blys.

FINIS.

Cum heir sayis Goddis Sone to me.

A ne sang of the Croce and the  
frute thair of.

Cum heir sayis Goddis Sone to me  
Sinners that heuie ladin be,  
will your sillie Sautl refresche  
um young and auld, baith man and wife  
will you gif Eternall life,  
hocht troblit heir soze be your flesche.

Oy Zok is sweit my burding small  
wha drawis efter me they sall  
schaip Eternall deid and fire,  
oz I sall help them in thair draucht.  
that they sall cum as I haue taucht  
to gloir and ioy and heuin impire.

Wha I haue teichit lait and air  
wha I haif tholit les and mair,  
that preis you euer to fulfill  
and thocht your flesche be heir oppress  
that all thing wirk sall for the best,  
oz sa is richt and Goddis will.

The world wald sauit be and faine.  
and cum to gloir bot Croce oz paine  
whilk Christis flock must suffer heir  
ot paine thair is na uther way,  
to cum to gloir and put away  
eternall hellis paine bot peir.

That the Faithfull must the Croce indure



Cum heir sayis Goddis Sone to me.  
Witnes beiris all Creature  
Suddew it vnto vanitie  
Quha will not thole in Chzistis Name  
The Denill sall wick him sik ane schame,  
With peirles paine perpetualle.

To day ane man is fresche and fair  
To morne he lyes seik and sair  
Synne dulefullie domet to deid  
Quin lyke as in the seild ane floure,  
The day is sweet the morne is sour.  
So all this wretched world sall feade.

The godles dreidis sair to die  
Bot quhen he can no farther flie  
And faine his sinfull lyfe wald mend  
Thay grip sa fast his geir to get  
The sillie saull is quyte forzet  
Quhilk haistellie gais out his end.

Quhen he persauis na remeid  
Than greuously he gais to deid  
And grugeand geuis vp the Gaist.  
Sair I suspect. God accuse,  
His Sectouris and him self refuse,  
Than sa vnthankfullie deceist.

The rich man helpis not his gude,  
The nobill nocht his Royall blude.  
For thay sall baith thair querrell tyne  
Thocht ane had all this world so wyde,  
Zit he sall die with dule and pyne,

Cum heir sayis Goddis Sone to me.  
With gold and precious stones of pryde.

Awledge concernis not the Clerk,  
Oz Hypocreit his haly mark  
Not thay but dout with deid man dwell  
Wha will not haill to Chzist him giue  
Whill in this present lyfe he liue,  
Oz euer mair sall die in hell.

Mark weill thairfoir my Sonnis sweit,  
How Chzistis croce is for you meit.  
Dre moue you not, in mynde thairfoir,  
Not at his word stand stedfastlie  
And with him suffer pacientlie,  
Giue ye wald enter in his gloir.

Do gude for euill and leid your lyfe,  
Withouth repuse, but pryde oz stryfe  
And thole the warldis wraith to rage  
Dre enter be that narrow rode.  
Gif gloir and vengeance vnto God  
And he thair cruell Ire sall swage.

Reuen that your flesche hes all the will  
And may your lustis all fulfill.  
Ye are but dout the feindis pray.  
God sendis you the Croce thairfoir,  
To mortifie your flesche thairfoir  
To saif your sillie saull for ay.

And quhen this schozt pyne do you greif  
Than think on hell the lang mischief



Blesit is he,

Quhair mony ane for ay fall mure  
And saull and bodie fall remaine  
For euer mair with cruell paine  
Endles for ay without returne.

Bot he fall efter wardlie pyne  
Reioyce with Christ withouttin syne,  
Quhair na myndis memoziall  
Can think nor tounge can tell the tryne  
Nor haif the gloir quhilk fall propyne  
That mightie Lord vnto vs all.

For quhat Eternall God of peace  
Hes promeis throw his Spirit of grace  
And syne swozne be his holie Name  
That he fall hauld baith trew and sune.  
God grant that we may se his Thzone  
Throw faith in Jesus Christ. Amen.

FINIS.

Followis ane Consolatioun in ad-  
uersitie of the Scripture.

**B**lesit is he quhome God dois correct,  
Thairfore his scourge se thou not neglect.  
For he it is quhilk geuis wan and wound,  
And suddanlie he will mak hail and sound  
He will the strike with his maist fatherlie wand  
Syne the releif with his maist mercifull hand.  
God will the slay and gif the life anone  
And the returne thocht thou to graue were gone  
God will the sone bring vnto pouertie

Blesit is he.

Byne gif the greit riches abundantlie  
He will the set into ane law degre  
Byne the exalt that euerie man may se  
Whome God ressaues to his sone and air  
Him will he scourge with plagues sad and sair  
Thairfoze vnder the Croce thow perseuer.  
Than as a ffather sall God to the appeir  
Wha is ane sone and will not pacientlie  
His ffather thole with all humilitie  
He schawit him as he war bastard borne,  
And heritage fra him wer all forlozne  
And sen we our fleshelie ffather dreid  
For eirdlie thing our bodie for to feid  
How mekeill mair our ffather spiritnall,  
Shuld we obey to luse perpetnall  
All Croce appeiris presentlie distress,  
Wloyde of all ioy bot full of painefulnes  
Bot efterwart it sall gif peace and rest,  
Thocht for a time with paine we be opprest,  
The paine that is now present schort and licht,  
And lestis bot a moment in our sight  
Aboue measure sall wrik Eternall gloir  
Intill our saull behalding not thairfoir  
The present paine quhilk is befor our eie  
But luke on that quhilk now may not be sene  
All ioy esteeme my bzether ane and all  
Quhyn into dyuers troubles ye do fall.  
And knawis that of your faith it is a preiff  
To wrik in yow patience for your releif  
As of the Croce ye are cumpanzeoun



Sinnaris vnto my sang.

So sall ze be of consolatioun  
Faithfull is God and on zou hes pietie  
And will not thole you temptit for to be  
Abone your strenght bot will quhen ye list wend:  
Gif zou sik grace, that ze sall weil sustein.  
Just mennis lyfe is in to the Lordis hand  
Torment of deid may not them hald in band  
Whocht befor men thay thole aduersitie  
Thair hope is full of Immortalitie,  
God knaws innocentis temptatioun,  
To saif thame from thair greit veratioun  
And sall restane agane the letter day  
The wickit for to byrne in hell for ay.

FINIS.

Followis the forlorne Sone as it is writtin  
in the 15. Chap. of Saint Luc.

Sinnaris vnto my sang aduert,  
Dubilk Christ into his Mangel kend  
And from your finfull lyfe conuert  
Dubairwith ze do your God offend  
For Christ in his sweet parrable  
To saif vs is full plyabill  
Gif we repent and to him wend.

Ane certaine man of riche substance  
Had Bonnis twa till him full deir  
And sone with schort delyuerance  
The yungest spake in this maner  
Father gif me my part of geir

Dub

Sinnaris vnto my sang.

Quhilk me belangis les and mair  
I will na mair be thirlit heir.

The Father did his gude deuyde  
Betwix them bot the zungest Sone  
Wald na mair with his Father byde,  
Bot tuke his part and furth is gene  
Intill ane strange and far cuntrie  
And leuand thair richt ryatouslie  
He waistit all his geir anone.

Quhen all was gone thair rais fra hand  
And derth quhilk maid the bittell scant.  
Baith far and neir throw all the land?  
And he throw neid begouth to want  
Than to ane Citinar he zeid,  
Quhilk send him furth his swyne to feid  
For fault of fude he was full fant.

He wald haue eitin with the swyne  
His hungrie stommok to fulfill  
Bot thocht he suld for hunger tyne  
Zit nane wald gif him leif thairtill.  
Quhen he come to himself agane,  
This him allone he culd complaine  
Intill his minde with murning still.

How mony seruandis for their waige  
Wes fude into my Fathets hous  
And I for hunger die and rage  
Bot my Father is gracious  
Thairfor to him I will me dresse

And



Sinnaris vnto my sang.  
And schaw my sin and my distress  
And say with voice full piteous.

O Father I haue beene to bauld,  
Sinnand contrair the heuin and the,  
And not worthie that men me bauld,  
Na mair thy Sone in ony degre.  
As one of thy seruandis thow me made  
With that he did his Jozny tak  
Hame to his Father haistely.

And quhen he come bot zit a far  
His Father had compassion,  
And ran him till oz he was war  
And gaif him consolatioun  
And in his armes he did him fang  
And ever he kissit him amang  
With freindlie Salutation.

The Sone said Father of greit micht,  
I knowe that I haue sinit soze  
Contrair the heuin and in thy sicht,  
And I am worthie now no moir  
That ony me thy Sone suld call  
Bot his Father full liberall  
Callit his seruandis him besoir.

And kindlie to them can he say  
Ze bring me furth the best cleithing  
And cleith my Sone courtlie and gay,  
And on his finger ze put ane ring,  
Ze set on schone vpon his seit,

Sinnaris vato my sang.

The quhilk ar trim and wonder meit,  
That he be honest in all thing.

And say that Calf quhilk now is maid  
Is fat and lat vs mak gude cheir,  
For this my Sone the quhilk now was deid  
Agane on life is hail and feir  
My Son was lost and now is found  
And they within a lytill stound  
Began to mirrie be but weir.

The eldest to the feild was gone  
And quhen that he hant command was,  
And hard the menstrallie anone  
The danſing and the greit blithnes  
One of his seruandis he did call  
And said to him quhat menis all  
This glaidnes and this merynes.

Than answeret he and said him till  
Thy brother is cum home againe  
Thairfor his ffather hes gart kill  
His weill fed Calf and is full faine  
That saif ressauit him hes he,  
The eldest wraith was and angrie  
And zeid not in throw greit disdaine.

And than come furth his ffather krnde  
And prayit him richt hartfullie,  
Bot he answerit richt pround in mynde  
O ffather myne how lang haue I  
Thy trew and faithfull seruand bene.



Sinnaris vnto my sang.  
And neuer zit brak thy biddene  
Bot the obeg it faithfullie

Zit gais thow not of thy riches  
Samekill as ane small kidde to me,  
That I might mak sum merynes,  
And with my lufaris blyth to be  
Bot now becaus is cum againe  
Thy Sone quhilk waitit hes in vaine  
Thy gudis into harlotrie.

That calf quhilk fosterit was sa fair,  
Thow hes gart kill at his pleour  
His Father said my Sone and air  
Of all my riches and tresour  
Quhat euer I haue all that is thyne  
And thow art euer with me and myne  
And all is hail into thy sure.

Chairfoir to vs it was full meit  
For to reiois, and blyth to be  
Withall our hert and all our Spreit  
Thy brother saif and sound to se  
For he wes lost and now is win,  
And he was deid from all his kin  
And now alyue againe is he.

Our God and Father is full kynde,  
To sinnaris that ar penitent  
With all thair hert and all thair mynd  
Schawand warkis that they repent  
And gine in Christis blude they traist

Faithfull in Christ:

Then sall he neuer them detest  
Bot saif them that they be not schent.

FINIS.

Followis ane sang of the rich Gluttoun  
and pure Lazarus as it is writtin  
in the 15, Chap. of S. Luck.

Faithfull in Christ vse your riches richt  
Bot to your lust and sensualitie  
Bot all tyme help the pure with all your might  
For in the frute sall knawin be the tre  
And gude and euil sall baith rewardit be  
With heuinlie gloir and hell sa terrebill  
To that effect spak Christ this parrabill.

Ane certane man was riche and costlie cled,  
With purpoure silk hecht and presumptuous,  
And euerie day deliciousslie him fed  
Thair was alsua a pure hecht Lazarus  
Lay seik at the yet of this glottounis hous,  
Thro low saris smart he had ane peirles pyne,  
And wantit fude quhen he wald fainest dyne.

To satisfie his seiklie appetyte  
He wald haue eittin of the crummis small  
Whilk fell down fra his burde of greit delyte,  
Bot nane to gif him was sa liberall  
The Doggis did thair office naturall,  
And of thay did this Cative man refresche,  
Pickand the felth furth of his laidle flesche.



Faithfull in Christ:

It chancit sa this begger did decease  
Syne caryit was be Angellis gracious  
In Abrahams bosome in heuiniherest and peace  
And this riche man that was sa ryatous  
Deceisfit als syne buryit glozious  
In hellis paine he liftit vp his eie,  
And syne efter of Abrahame hes he iene.

When Lazarus he salo with him also,  
In his bosome he said with drierie Spreit,  
Father Abrahame haue mercie on my wo,  
Send Lazarus his finger for to weite,  
And cule my toung with cauld matter and sweite  
For I am tozment fait into this flame,  
Than answerit him our Father Abrahame.

Remember Sone that thou restauit hes  
Into thy lyfe thy plesour in all thing  
And contrarywise Lazarus had distress  
Bot now he is in ioy and comforting.  
And thou art now in wo and tormenting,  
And als betwix vs thair is sa greit-a space,  
That nane may cum to vther be na cace.

And than he said O Father I the pray,  
Vnto my Fatheris hous thou wald him send.  
That he my five bzyether aduerteis may  
Leist they into this caicfull place discend  
Bot Abrahame said let them repent and mend.  
And als thay haue the Prophets and Moyses Lat  
Lat thame heir thame gif thay the way wald kna

Faithfull in Christ.

Bot hee said na my Father Abraham kynde,  
Bif ony to the quicke zaid from the dead,  
Truelie they should repent with heart and minde,  
Bot nocht the lesse Abrahame this answer made,  
Bif they heir nocht the Law quhilk suld them leid,  
Then sall they nocht in ony wayis belief,  
Thocht ane from deid suld ryle them to relief.

Unto the pure therefore be pietifull,  
Quhill ze are heir schaw them your Charitie,  
Will friend and fa be all time mercifull,  
As ze forgiue, ze sall forgiuen be,  
Mortifie lust and sensuallitie,  
Conforme zow not to worldly pompe and pride.  
O zaid God, loue man, refraine lust at all tyde.

¶ I P S.

¶ Followis the principall pointes of  
the passioun whorthie correct it.

**H**elpe, O O the forner of all thing,  
That to thy gloir may bee my dyle:  
Be baith at end and beginning,  
That I may make my sang perfyte,  
Of Iesus Christes passioun,  
Whiche is onely Saluation,  
As witnesse is thy word in wyte.

Thy word for ever shall remaine,  
As in his Booke wytes Esay,  
Baith heuin and eird sall turne againe,  
O thy trew word cum to decay,



Helpe God.

Thou cannot like ane man repent.  
To change thy purpose or intent,  
Bot steidfast is thy word for ay.

Jesus the Fathers word alone.  
Discendit in an Virgine pure,  
With meruellis greit and mony one,  
And be Judas that false tratour,  
That Lambe for sober summe was sauld,  
And gaif his lyfe for cause hee wald  
Redeme all sinfull Creature.

When eitin was the Paschall Lambe,  
Christ take the breid his handis within,  
Blyssing it, brake it, gaif the same,  
Till his Apostles mair and min.  
Cit that for my body is this,  
Quhilk for your sakis geuin is,  
Intill remission of your sin.

Siclyke hee gaif them for to drinke,  
In Wyne his Blude the quhilke was sched,  
Upon his precious deid to thinke,  
On him remembrance to be made,  
Quha eitis this blisset Sacrament,  
Worthelie with trew intent,  
Shall neuer see eternall deid,

For cause they knew him to depart,  
They strife quha suld be ouerest,  
But Jesus said with humbill hert,  
Princes are repate pobilest,

Helpe God.

The quhilk reuoles maist awfully;  
So among you it sall not bee,  
Bot quha is maist sall serue the leist.

Jesus wusche his Apostlis feit,  
Tocha wand exempil of lowly nesse,  
And chargit them with wordis sweit,  
That lufe amang them suld increse,  
For thairb y suld it cum to licht,  
That ye are my Disciplis richt,  
Bif ye amang you lufe possesse.

Efter this prayer passit he,  
And met the Jewis quhilk him socht,  
When they had bound him cruelle,  
Befoze the Judges they him brocht,  
First they him scurgit and for scorne  
Him crownit with ane crowne of thorne,  
Syne dampnit him to deid for nocht.

That pzince on Croce they lift on hicht,  
For our Redemptioun that thocht lang,  
Hee said, I thirst with all my micht,  
To saif mankynde fra painis strang,  
Hee that all to arldis was befozne:  
Came down of Marie to be bozne,  
For our trespasse on Croce hee hang,

Then hee his heid culd incline,  
As wyttis John and gais the Baill,  
And off the Croce tane was syne,  
And laid in grave but soone in haill,



Be blyth.

Leuand he rais on the thrid day.  
And to his Apostles did say,  
To them appeirand maist and leist.

And syne he did his apostillis teiche,  
Throw all the warlde for to passe,  
And tell all Creature for to preich.  
As they of him instructit was,  
Quha baptist is and will beleue,  
Eternall deid sall not them greue,  
Bot salbe sauit mair and lesse.

Sand Luke writtin in his ascention,  
Thocht present age with vs hee bee,  
The Scripture makis mentioun,  
That is to say with vs is hee,  
Be his sweet word steidfast but faill,  
Contraire the quhilk can not preuail,  
Sathan nor hellis tyranie.

Ane Confortour to vs hee did send,  
Quhilke from the Father did proceide,  
To gyde vs trewly to the end.  
In inwart thocht and outward deid,  
Call on the Lord our gyde and licht,  
To leid vs in his Law full richt,  
And be our helpe in all our neid.

Pray for all men in generall,  
Suppose they wirke vs richt or wrong,  
Pray for our Prince in speciall,  
Thocht they be just or Tyrans strang,

Be blyth.

Obeȝ , for sa it aucht to bæ,  
In pꝛesoun for the veritie,  
Ane faythfull bꝛother made this sang.

I I P I S.

Ane sang of the Euangell conteinand the  
effect of the famine.

**B**E blyth all Christin men and sing,  
Dance and make myȝth with all your micht,  
Christ hes vs kythit greit comforting,  
Quhairfoir wæ may rejoyce of richt.  
Ane warke to wonder that is wꝛocht,  
Christ with his blud full deir vs bocht,  
And for our saik to deid was dicht.

For with the Deuill and dulefull deid,  
With hell and sinne I was forlorne,  
The sonne of Ire at Gods feid,  
Consauit sa I was and bozne,  
I grew ay mair and mair thairin,  
And dayly eikit sinne to sinne,  
Dispair was euer mæ befozne,

Quhair I culd not the Law fulfill,  
My warkis made mæ na supplie,  
Sa blynd and waik was my free will,  
That hated the veritie,  
My conscience kest mæ euer in cair.  
The Diuell hee draue mæ in despair,  
And hell was euer befoir my eye,

God had greit pitie on my woe,



Be blyth.

And aboue measure schew mee grace,  
When I was yet his cruell fo,  
Yet hee wald cure my carefull cace,  
His lufe to mee hee did conuert,  
From the maist deipest of his heart,  
Whilke cost him deare to make my peace.

To his beluffit Sonne hee said,  
The tyme of mercie draweth neir,  
To saif man and the Diuell innade.  
Whairfoir my hertlie sonne so deir,  
Goe fetch them from the feindis feid,  
Thou man ouerthraw Sinne, Hell, and deid,  
Byne man restoir baith haill and feir.

The Sonne his Father did obey,  
And came downe to the eird to mee,  
Borne of ane Maide as wyrtis Clay,  
My kynd sweet Brother for to bee,  
Hee tuke on him my vilde nature,  
And did his power foir to exile,  
Sathan and all his subiltie,

Hee said thouw sall haue victorie,  
Gif thouw allone on mee depend,  
For I will giue my selfe to thee,  
That cairfull querrell to defend,  
For I am thine; and mine thouw art,  
And of my gloir thouw sall haue part,  
Byne ring with mee withouttin end.

They man sched out my bleffit blude,

I came from heuin to tell.

And raif alwa my lyfe fra mée,  
At hole this onely for thy gude,  
Be lieue that firme and steidfastlie,  
For my deid sall thy deid deuoir,  
That sinne sall thee condampne no moir,  
For be that way, saif thou man bee.

Byne fra this present life I fare,  
To my Father Celestiall:  
Thy Mediatour trew sall bee there,  
And send to thee my Spirit I sall:  
To giue thee consolatioun,  
In all thy tribulatioun,  
The trueth hee sall instruct yow all.

My doing leirning mair and lesse,  
That leir and doe vnfeinzeitlie.  
For that does Gods Birke increse,  
And his greit gloir dois magnifie.  
Beware of men and their command,  
Nuhilk mee and my word doe gainstand,  
My last will heir I leue to thee.

A M E N.

¶ Followis ane sang of the birth of Christ:  
with the tune of Ha w lulalaw.

I Come from heuin to tell,  
The best nowellis that euer be fell,  
To yow thir tythinges trew I bring,  
And I will of them say and sing.  
This day to yow is bozne ane Childe,



I came from heuin to tell.  
Of Marie meike, and Margine mylde,  
That blisset Barne bining and kynde  
Shall yow rejoyce baith heart and mynd.

It is the Lord Christ, God and man,  
Hæ will doe for you quhat hæ can,  
Himselfe your Saviour hæ will bee,  
Fra sinne and hell to make yow free.

Hæ is our richt Saluation,  
From everlasting damnation,  
That ze may ring in gloir and blis,  
For ever mair in heuin with his.

Ze sall him find but marke oʒ wzing,  
Full sempill in ane Cribbe lying,  
So lyes hæ quhilk yow hes wrocht,  
And all this warld made of nocht.

Let vs rejoyce and bæ blyth,  
And with the Hyzdes goe full swyth,  
And see quhat God of his grace hes don  
Throu Christ to bring vs to his thzone.

My Saull and Lyfe stand by and see  
Quha lyes in ane Cribbe of treë,  
Quhat Babe is that so gude and faire,  
It is Christ Gods Sonne and Aire.

Welcum now gracious God of mycht,  
To sinners vyle pure and vnricht,  
Thou come to saue vs from distresse,  
How can wæe thank thy gentilnesse.

I come from heuin to tell.

O God that made all Creature,  
How art thou becum so pure,  
That on the hay and stray will lye,  
Amang the Ases Drin and Lye.

And were the warld ten tymes so wide  
Cled ouer with gold and stanes of pride  
Unwozthy zit it were to thee,  
Under thy feit ane scale to bee,

The Sylke and Sandell thee to eis;  
Are hay and sempill swetling clais,  
Dubairin thou gloris greitest King.  
As thou in heuin were in thy King.

Thou tuke like paines tempozall,  
To make me riche perpetuall:  
Foz all this warldis welth and gude,  
Can nothing richt thy Celsitude,

O my deir hert young Iesus swet,  
Prepare thy Credill in my Spreit,  
And I sall rocke thee in my hert,  
And neuer maie from thee depart,

But I sall praise thee ever moir,  
With sangs swet vnto thy gloir,  
The knees of my hert sall I bow,  
And sing that richt Balulalow.

Gloir bee to God Eternally,  
Dubilk gaif his only sonne foz mee,  
The Angels joyes foz to heir



To vs is borne.  
The gracious gift of this new zeir.  
J A P A S.

**T**O vs is bozne a Wairne of blis,  
Our King and-Empziour,  
Ane gracious Virgine Mother is,  
To God hir Sauour  
Had not that blisit Wairne beene bozne,  
Wee had beene every ane forlozne.  
With sinne, and Feindis fell.  
Christ Jesus louing bée to thee,  
That thou ane man wold bozne bée,  
To saif vs from the hell.

For neuer was nor sall bée man,  
Nor woman in this life,  
Sen Adame first our sinne began.  
And Eue his weddit wife,  
That can be satse thro to their gude deid,  
For poysond all are Adamis seid,  
And can not sinne refraine,  
Quhill God him selfe fand the remeid,  
And gaue his only sonne to the deid?  
To freith vs from all paine.

Wee suld lufe God and mirrie bée,  
And daine away dispair.  
For Christ is cummit from heuin so hye  
Our fall for to repair.  
No tongue sik kyndnesse can expresse,  
The forme of seruand taken hes.

To vs is borne.

And Verbum Caro factum est.

Except sinne lyke vnto vs all,

To freith vs from the feindis thzall

And mend quhair wæ did misse.

Foz weill is them euer moir,

That trowis faithfullye,

Be grace to ring with Chzist in gloir,

Thzow faith alanerlie,

And weillis them that vnderstude,

The gracious gift of Chzistis blude

Sched sinners foz to win.

Wes hard neuer so kinde an thing.

Chzist foz his fais on Croce did hing,

To purge vs from our sinne.

Thus thanke wæ him full hertfully,

Foz his greit gentilnes,

Wee pray him foz his greit mercy

Trew preichours to increas,

False Phazisianes and feinzeit lair,

Quhom wæ haue followit lait and air,

Waith vs and them forgeue,

God, Father, Sonne, and haly Spzit,

Instruct vs in thy word so sweet,

And after it to leue.

¶ I P S.

I Ndulce iubilo Now let vs sing with Mirth and

Jo. Our heartis consolatioun lyes in principio.

And schynes as the Sonne, Matris in gremio.

Alpha



Onlie to God!

Alpha es & O. Alpha es & O. O Iesu paruule,  
thrist soze efter thee. Comfort my hart and minde.  
puer optime, God of all grace sa kind. & prince  
gloriae Trahe me post te, Trahe me post te.  
Vbi sunt gaudia, In ony place bot there: quha  
that the Angels sing. Noua cantica. Bot and the  
hellis King In Regis curia. God gif I were there  
God gif I were there.

**O** Alie to God on heich bee gloir,  
And louing bee vnto his grace:  
Quha can condempne vs ony moir,  
Sen wee are now at Gods peace,  
Intill his fauour wee are tane,  
Throw faith in Iesus Chrift allane,  
Be quhome his wzath sall end and ceis,  
Wee worshop and wee loue and praise,  
Thy Majesty and magnitude:  
That thou God Father only wise,  
Kings ouer all with fortitude,  
No tounge can tell thy strength nor might  
Thy words and thochtis all are richt,  
And all thy warkes iust and gude,  
Lord Iesus Chrift Sonne only bozne,  
Of thy Father Celestiall  
Thou sauit vs that was forlozne,  
From sin and hell and Sathanis thzall,  
Lord Gods Lambe thou take on thee,  
For all our sinne to satisfie,

Lord

Lord God thy face.

Lord bee mercifull to vs.

O holy Chaist our comfort gude,  
From fiendis feid thy flock defend,  
To thy keeping wæ them commend,  
From errour and Hypocrisie,  
Strengthen vs in the victorie,  
To perseueir pnto the end.

A I A S,

Followis the greit louing and  
blythnesse of Gods word.

O Lord God thy face and woꝝd of grace  
Hes lang beene hid by craft of man,  
Quhill at the last the nicht is past,  
And wæ full weill theiꝝ falsset ken,  
We know perfyte the haly writ.  
Therefore bee gloir and praise to thee.  
Quhilke did vs giue this tyme to liue,  
Thy woꝝd trew preichit for to see,

Our bairnis now, weill knowis how,  
To woꝝship God with seruice trew:  
Quhilkst mony yet, our fathers deir,  
Allace therefore fall soze misknew,  
Yet God did seid, his chosin indeid,  
As Noe and Lot and mony moe,  
And had respect to his Elect,  
How euer the blynd warld did goe.

When throw thy strength, thy woꝝd at lenth



Lord God thy face,

Is preichit cleir befoze our eie.

Woe zit gude Lord misericord,

To them quhilk yet distaunt beine,

And not dois know bot mens law,

To their greit damnatioun,

Teich them fra hand, to understand,

Thy word to their Saluatioun,

Quha wald be saif, first this man haif,

To know their sin, syne throw in Christ:

Big on this ground, let lufe abound,

With patience. prayer, hope, and trust.

On God thou call, thanke him of all,

To serue thy neighbour giue thy cure.

Thy conscience free none euer bee,

This can giue thee no creature.

Whow Lord aboue man giue allone,  
Thir gifts for thy haly Name:

Quha will their hearts to Christ couert,

So man can doe them skaith nor schame

Thocht Paip or King wald so maling,

To make the word of God forlorne:

Their strenth sall fail, and not preuail,

Thocht they the Countrair all had swo in

Lord let thy hand helpe in all Land,

That thy Elect conuerted bee,

Thy word to leir quhilk now dar sweir.

What thy word is bot heresie.

They giue thy word ane fals recozd,

Lord God thy face.

Quhilke neuer hard the veritie:  
For neuer it red bot blindlingis led,  
With Doctors of Idolatrie.

The tyme is now, bot dout I trow  
Quhilke Paule did prophecie in wryte.  
Thocht heu'n and eird suld ga areird,  
Thy word sall stand fast and perfyte,  
Thocht that maist part indure their hert,  
Betand their strenth thy word againe,  
Repent they nocht, they sall bee brocht,  
Eternally to hellis paine.

Our Sauiour and Gouvernour,  
Is Christ quhais bladie wounds wyde,  
Remedit hes from all distres.  
Sinners that will on him confide,  
To him bee gloir for euer moir,  
To vs quhilk hes ane promise made.  
Is to conuoy from paines to joye,  
Saith in our life and in our deid.

Wee hope and trest, the haly Gaist,  
Sall nocht forget vs at our neid,  
As wee thy word with ane accoord,  
Held in our heart our saull to feid,  
Let vs not misse thy gloir and blisse,  
When from this wretched world wee wend,  
Grant vs thy grace to die in peace,  
And perseuer vnto the end:

A M E N.

Followis



Followis Nunc dimittis: the prayer  
of Symeon. Luck. ii. Chap.

**L**ord lat thy seruand now depart,  
In gladnesse, rest, and peace,  
I am rejoyfit at my hert.  
To see his godly face,  
Whom faithfully thou promiseist mee,  
Christ Jesus King of grace,

This present deid sall bee full sweit,  
And vnto slep sall changit bee,  
To rest syneryse, but euer my spreit,  
Shall leue and bee alwayes with thee,  
Thow fayth in Christ my only traist,  
Whom presently I see,

Our Sauour thou hes him made,  
His deid sall saif vs all;  
From sinne and hell, the Deuill and deid,  
His resurrection sall,  
Freely vs giue euer for to liue,  
In gloir perpetuallie.

Of Hethin folke blindit so soir,  
Hee is the verrie licht  
Whilke neuer hard of him befoir,  
Nor saw him with their sight,  
He is the gloir praise and decoir,  
And strenth of Israell richt.

**A A P A S.**

Follow

Followis ane sang of the resurrection,

**C**hrist gaue him selfe to die,  
And for our fault the mendis made,  
For vs hee sched his precious blude:  
With greit triumph vpon the rude,  
And sinne and Sathan there hes slaine,  
And sauit vs fra helles paine,

For hee againe from deid vp rais,  
Ridour of deid and all our fais:  
Hee raise the Obligatioun,  
Contrair to our Saluatioun:  
Byne spulzeit Sathan, hell and sinne,  
And heuinly gloir to vs hes win.

And wee are now at Gods peace,  
Thro Christ restauit to his grace,  
Our Father mercifull is hee,  
And wee sall ring with him in blis,  
Allalua, allalua, benedicamus Domino.

Followis certaine Ballatis of  
the Scripture.

**A**ll Christ quhom I am baldin for to lufe,  
I gife my thirlit hert in gouernance:  
How suld I lufe and fra his trueth remufe,  
Full woe were mee, that dzerie difference,  
Is na remeid saif only esperance,  
For well for woe for boist or yet for schoir,  
Quhair I am set I sall lufe euer moze.

And sen I moiste depart on neid I sall,



Till Christ quhom.

Wæ fill him trew with hert and that I hecht,  
And send that I becummin am his thzall,  
With body him serue with mind and all micht,  
Hæ is the ruit of my remembrance richt.  
The verray Crop quhom of I comfort take,  
Duby suld I not doe seruice for his saik.

Duhome suld I serue but him that did mee saue,  
Duhom suld I dout, but him that dantis deid,  
Duhom suld I lase, but him attour the laue,  
Of all my woe hee is the haill remeid,  
How suld I flie and can not find remeid,  
Duhom suld I loue, but him that hes my hert,  
How suld wæ twine that no man can depart,

This vnbeset I am on euery syde,  
And quhat to doe I can not well deuyse,  
My flesh bids flie, my spirit bids mæ byd  
Duhen care cummis then comfort on mæ cryes,  
Hope sayes get vp than langour on mæ lvis,  
My paines biddes my woefull hert repent,  
But neuer mair thereto will I consent.

Depart him fra, my hert will neuer consent,  
It biddes mæ byde and I sall neuer flie,  
For bæ I taken, flaine or zet schent.

For sic ane thing it is na shame to die,  
Gif there bee grace into the earth for mæ,  
It is committit from the heuin aboue:  
Till Christ quhom I am halden for to loue,

A I A I S.

Richt fore musing.

**R**icht sozely musing in my minde,  
Foz pietie soze my herts pynde:  
When I remember on Christ so kynde,  
That sauit mee.  
None culde mee saue from thyle to Pnde,  
But onely hee.

Hee is the way, troth, lyfe, and licht,  
The verie port till heuin full richt,  
Wha enters not be his greit micht,  
None Whiefe hee is.

I grant that I haue faultit soze,  
To stocke and stane, geuand his gloze,  
And heipand warkes into soze,  
Foz my remeid:

Where not his mercie is the moze,  
I had boene deid.

Thou litill bill thy wayes thou wend,  
And schaw my minde from end to end,  
Will them that will repent and mend,  
Thou schaw them till:  
Beleue in Christ quhom God will send,  
And wirke his will.

**R**icht soze opprest I am with paines smart,  
Waith nicht & day makand my woefull marte.  
To God foz my misdeid quhilke hes my hert,  
Put in so greit distress with woe begone:  
But gif hee send mee some remeid anone,  
I list not lang my lyfe foz till indure,  
But to the deid boun carefull creature,



Right fore opprest.

I can not doe my detfull obseruance,  
Till him that heuin and all the world suld dreid,  
Aulde Adam is the cause of this mischance,  
And turnes oft my Faith in wickit deid,  
Were not the deith of Christ were my remeid,  
I list not on my lyfe for till take cure,  
Bot to the deid bowne carefull Creature.

O God of gloze quhais mycht is infinite,  
Grant mee thy grace whom sinne halds in thral,  
To fecht against my flesh whilke hes the wyte,  
Of all my woe and my appeirand fall,  
Thou gaif command, in neid on thee to call,  
And for thy Sonnes sake I suld bee sure,  
That thou suld saif all sinfull Creature.

Remember Lord my greit fragility,  
Remember Lord thy Sonnes passioun,  
For I am bozne with all iniquity,  
And can not helpe my awne Saluatioun:  
Wherefore is my justification,  
By Christ whilke cled him with my nature,  
To saife from schame all sinfull Creature,

O Lord, sen thou thy Word to mee hes send,  
Thou let it neuer retorne to thee in vaine.  
Bot let mee perseueir vnto the end.  
To my aulde sinne, let mee not turne againe,  
For then beene far better into plaine,  
Not to haue heard thy Precept in Scripture,  
Than knowand it, die carefull Creature.

A A A S,

Ala

Alace, that same sweit face. ]

**A**lace, that same sweit face,  
That deit vpon ane frée,  
To purchas mankynde peace,  
From sinne to make vs frée,  
Allone to bée our remedie,

To graith our place full meit,  
Hée is ascended hie,

And left vs with his Spirit:

To worzship spiritually,

Onely to bee our remedie,

Hée bad when hée was gone,

Applie vs haillelie,

To serue our God, allone,

In spirit and veritie,

Allone to bée our remedie.

No kynde of outward deid,

How hally that euer it bée,

May saif vs at our neid,

Noz yet vs iustifie.

Noz yet can make remedie,

But Christ wée neid nothing,

Where thow saued wée shal bée:

Hée is ane potent King,

And will allanerlie:

Onely bée our remedie,

His Testament maist perfyte,

Plainely does testifie:

Whilke his Apostles did wyte,

That nane may saif but hee,

Noz yet can make remedie.



I call on the Lord,  
Bot now sen hee is gone,  
To ring Eternallie,  
Wee worshop stocke and stone,  
Can nouthur heare nor see,  
Nor yet can make vs remedie,  
Wee haue dwelt all too lang,  
In false Hypocrisie,  
Trew Fayth, Lord, make vs fang,  
Wirkand be Cheritie,  
Onely to bee our remedie.

A I P I S.

**I** Call on thee Lord Jesus Christ,  
I haue none other helpe but thee,  
Whert is neuer set all at rest,  
Till thy sweet word comfort mee.  
Ane stedfast fayth grant mee therefore,  
To hald be thy word euermore,  
Aboue all thing euer resisting,  
But to increas in fayth more and more.

Yet anes againe I call to thee,  
Heir my requeist, O mercifull Lord,  
I wald faine hope in thy mercie,  
And can not bee thereto restorde,  
Except thou illuminate with thy grace,  
My blind and naturall waiknesse,  
Cause mee therefore haue hope in store,  
In thy mercie and sweite promise,

Lord print into my heart and mynde,  
Thy haly spirit with feruentnesse,

I call on the Lord

That I to thee bee not unkinde,  
Bot loue thee without fenszeitneſſe,  
Let nothing draw my mynde from thee;  
But euer to loue thee earnestly,  
Let not my hert unkindly depart,  
From the right loue of thy mercie.

Giue mee thy grace, Lord, I thee pray,  
To loue my enemies heartfullie:  
Howbeit they trouble mee alway,  
And fo: thy cause doe ſclander mee.  
Yet Ieſus Chriſt fo: thy goodneſſe,  
Fulfill my hert with ſorginenesſe;  
That whill I leif, I them ſorgeif.  
That doe offend mee moir and leſſe.

I am compaſſit round about,  
With ſoze and ſtrang temptation,  
Therefo: gude Lord delyuer mee out  
From all this wicked patioun:  
The Deuill, the World, the Fleſh alſo,  
Dois followe mee where euer I goe,  
Therefo: wald I delyuerit bee,  
Thy helpe I ſeeke, Lord and no mo.

Now ſeis thou, Lord, what neid I haue,  
There is no vther to pleinie to,  
Therefoir thy haly Gaiſt I craiſe,  
To bee my gyde where euer I goe,  
That in all my aduerſitie,  
I forget not the loue of thee,



Of mercie yet hee passes all.  
Bot as thou Lord hes giuen thy word,  
Let mee therein both leue and die  
I I P I S.

**O**f mercie yet hee passes all,  
In whom I traist and euer fall,  
For to none other will I call,  
To die therefore, to die therefore.

For there is none other Saluation,  
Bot be that Lord that sufferit passion,  
Upon our Soules hee hes compassion,  
And deit therefore, and deit therefore.

That Lord sa far had vs in mynde,  
He came from heuin and tuke mankynd,  
Hee hailit the seike sair lamed and blynd  
And deit therefore, and deit therefore,

To pray to Peter, James and Iohne.  
Our saules to saif power haue they none  
For that belongs to Christ alone,  
Hee deit therefore, hee deit therefore.

I traist to God of suretie,  
By Christes blode sauit to bee:  
In Whilke I hope so faithfully.  
To die therefore, to die therefore.

There is no deidis that can saue mee,  
Thocht they bee neuer sa greit plentie,  
Bot throu Christ and his greit mercie,  
Quhilk deit therefore, quhilk deit therfore

Of mercie yet hee passes all.

If deids might saue our saules from paine,  
Then Chzists blude was sched in vaine,  
As ye may reid in Scripture plaine,  
To die therfoze, to die therfoze.

Zet sum hes hope sauit to bee,  
Foz doing deids of Charitie,  
Fayth can not saif where no deidis bee,  
They lie therfoze, they lie therfoze.

The Theife was sauit by fayth trewly,  
And not foz deids of Cheritie,  
As wytes Luke, twentie and thzee,  
To die therfoze, to die therfoze.

Fyze without heit can not bee,  
Fayth will haue warkes of suritie,  
Als fast as may conueniently,  
Bee done but moze.

Now, Lord, that deit vpon ane tree,  
And sched thy blude so plentiouslie,  
Restaife our saules to thy gloze,  
Wee aske no moze, wee aske no moze.

**F I N I S.**

**V**We suld into remembrance,  
Of Iesus Chzist our King:  
Without ony dissimulance,  
Bee blyth, and merrie sing.



Of mercie yet hee passes all.  
Wee were condemned to the deid,  
In hell for Adams mis:  
But Iesus Christ the peace hes made,  
Betwixt God and vs.

Christ is our God and Saviour,  
Our helpe and our refuge:  
Our brother and our mediator,  
Our Advocate and judge,

Sen on our syde is God him self,  
Qua dar against him pleid,  
For hee hes vincust sinne and hell,  
The Devill and also deid,

This greit gudnes that Christ hes done,  
God lat vs neuer forget it:  
Bot thanke and loue that Lord abone,  
With sangs sweetly set.

A I P I S.

**H**ay let vs sing and mak greit mirth  
Sen Christ this day to vs is bozne.  
For had not bene that blessed birth,  
Bankynde alwayes had bene forlozne,  
All men were bozne in sinfulness,  
Condemned to eternall deid,  
Except Christ that in righteousness,  
Was onely bozne for our remeid.  
And hee, giue wee beleue, hes cost  
His innocens for our trespasse,

In Burgh and Land.

Had not bene Christ we had bene lost  
O blessed birth that euer was.

A I P I S.

I P burgh & land eist, west, north, south  
Wee gloze for to speike of Christ:  
And his Euangell in our mouth,  
But far from him our hertis wee weist,

To Gods Law quha will aduert,  
Hall stedfast in his promise traist,  
And loue our brother with our hert,  
And flee from sinne, and vice detaist,

Lufe is fulfilling of the Law,  
As Paull reheirset in his write,  
Of Christ forsuith no thing wee know,  
That hes no Fayth and lufe perfyte,

The Scripture plainely dois accoord,  
Quha will not worke his Fathers will,  
Bot sayes euery day, Lord, Lord,  
Hall neuer cum in heuin him till.

Brether and Sisters that will resoert  
To Christ, and with his Gospel mell,  
Doe as yee say, I you exhort,  
And now na mair distaue your sell.

O God shall take his word againe,  
Fra vs, syne will it send  
To them that will not worke in vaine,  
Bot perseueir vnto the end.

A I P I S.

Followis



Followis ane sang contrair  
Idolatrie.

**W**Ce suld beline in God aboue,  
And in none other thing,  
Quha traists in him, hee will them loue,  
And grant them their asking.

Contraire it is to Gods command,  
To trow that helpe may come,  
Of Idoles made by mens hand,  
Quhilke are both deif and dumbe.

Quha does adorne Idolatrie,  
Is contrair the haly writ,  
For stocke and stane is Hammonrie,  
Quhilke men carue or quhite,

The Apostles that wait the verity,  
Expresly does conclude,  
That Idoles suld detestit bee,  
Are contrair to Chzistes blude,

Ze semple people vnperfyte,  
Greit ignozance may yee tell,  
Of stocke and stane hes mair delyte,  
Than vnto God him sell.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

Ane Ballat of the Epistle on  
Christinmas Euen.

**T**he grace of God appeirs now,  
Our heill and our Salvation:

Of thinges two I pray.

To teich and instruct vs how,  
In all Countreies and Natioun.

That wæ suld leue our wickitnesse,  
And flæ vaine worldly appetyte,  
Just, haly, bæ with sobernesse,  
Leif in the warld a life perfyte,

That bleffit hope for to abyde,  
The comming of great God of gloze,  
And Jesus Chyistes wounds wyde,  
The Sauour of lesse and moze.

Whilke for our sake hee gaue him sell,  
To saue from sinne and purge vs cleir,  
Ane chosen people in speciall,  
In gude warkes to perseueir.

To studie in them night and day,  
This wee suld ane exhort ane other,  
Of Gods word to sing and say,  
And euery man to loue his bzoother,

A A P A S.

**O**f thinges twa I pray the, Lord,  
Deny mee not befoze I die:

All vanity and lieand word,  
Full far away thou put from mee,

Extreime puiteith noz greit riches,  
Thou giue mee not in no kyn wyse:

But onely of thy greit gudnesse,  
Giue mee that may my neid suffice.



Lord Father God.

Foꝛ bee I rich, I may perchance,  
Say, Duha is God, and him misknow,  
And nothing bot my selse aduance,  
And him foꝛget and all his Law,

Oꝛ bee I poꝛe and haue no geir,  
Then man I outhere reif oꝛ steill:  
Oꝛ then my Gods Name mensweir,  
And set him at full little bail

A I P I S:

**L**Ord, Father, God that gaue me life,  
Thou leue mee not to doe my will,  
Bot grant thy grace to mee Catine.  
Thy godly Law foꝛ to fulfill,

The prydfull loking of myne eine,  
Let not bee rutit in my hert,  
All euill desyre that in mee beine,  
Full far from mee thou wald diuert,

Ane greidie stommokes appetyte,  
And all surfet thou take from mee,  
And als I pray thee make mee quyte,  
Of fleschly lust and lecherie,

Remoue from mee all thralwardnesse,  
Als well in mynde, as into deid,  
And take from mee vnchariestnesse,  
And God and man to lone and dreid.

A I P I S.

Grace before Dinner.

Blisse blessed God thir giftes good,  
Whilke thou hes giuen to be our food  
Vs blisse and mak thankfullv indeid,  
By Iesus Christ that blessed seid,  
In whome all blissing wee receiue,  
By whom all blissing we aske and craue  
Grant blissing Lord, of mights most,  
God, Father, Sonne, and holy Ghost.

FINIS.

Blissing, gloze, wisdom, and hertly thankfulnes  
And godly honour all might and fortitude,  
Wee offer thee, Lord, with lauly humbilitie,  
Committing our selues haill to thy celsitude,  
Asking for Christ whilke for vs gaue his blude,  
Grace for to bee in hert and mynde thankfull,  
For all thy gude and free giftes plenitfull.

A I P I S,

**N**ow let vs sing with joy and mirth  
In honour of the Lords birth,  
For his lone and humanitie,  
Quha gaue him sell for vs to die,  
By Adame wee were all forlorne,  
Bot now Christ Iesus to vs bozne,  
Hes freed vs from Captiuitie,  
And vincust hes our enemye.

When hee was bozne nane did him snib,  
To lye right law intill ane Crabe,

Ane



Now let vs sing.

Ane Dre, ane Ase right tenderly,  
Kefreshit his humanity.

His Godheid misters no support,  
For it was full of all comfort,  
Whilke equall is in all degree,  
Unto his Fathers Majestie

The Angells sang with mirrinesse,  
Unto the Hyzdes more and lesse,  
And bade them of gude comfort bée,  
For Chyistes new Patiuitie.

For yee were all at Gods horne,  
This Babe to you that now is borne,  
Shall make you saif, and for you die,  
And you restoze to libertie.

This Babe for you did shed his blude,  
And theled dead vpon the Rude,  
And for his great humanitie,  
Cralltit is his Majestie.

And now hée is our Aduocat,  
Prayand for vs baith airc and late,  
This can the Scripture verifie,  
In sa far as ane man is hée.

Therefore all tyme, tyde and houre,  
Wasse vnto him as Mediatour,  
Betwixt his Fathers wzath and vs,  
Of sinne gif thou will clangit bée,

For

Now let vs sing.

For hee hes promeist with his hert,  
To all sinners that will reuert,  
And from their sinfull life will flie,  
Shall ring with him eternallie.

To God the Father mot bee gloze,  
And als to Christ for euermore,  
The haly Ghost mot blessed bee,  
Maker of this Nativitie.

F I R S T.

What can discerne or put in wyte,  
The grace and mercie of our Lord,  
Quais godly giftes infinite,  
Men suld remember and recozd,  
Conforme vnto his haly woꝝd.

Our Father, God, Fountaine of grace  
His Sonne did send to ransoun vs:  
From sinne and all our carefull cace,  
And slew that Serpent venemous.

Christ came right sweet as aue seruand,  
Ofseruitude to make vs free:  
And brokin hes the Deuills band,  
Nihilke led vs in captiuitie,  
Wherefoze wee thanke his great mercie.

Christ being rich in heauenly gloze,  
And wee right poore and in distresse,  
Did make vs rich for euermore,

¶

Wherefoze



Quia can discryue

Wherefoze wee tanke his gentlenesse,  
We restoun of his greit goodnesse,

Christ came full humbill and full law,  
As to exalt in Majestie,  
And tholit paines as yee knaw,  
Of hunger, cauld and miserie,  
And wee gat life when hee did die,

Christ als descendit to the Hell,  
And vs redæmed from that paine,  
And from the death did rais him sell,  
So moze to thole the dead againe,  
As wee may read in Scripture plaine,

Christ made vs iust when hee vp rose,  
We restoun of his victorie:  
Wherethow hee vincust all our foes,  
Sinne, Death, and Deuill our Enemie,  
And from their bands made vs free.

Christ passed to the heauens so hie,  
To graith ane place for vs in gloze:  
Our Aduocate therefoze to bee,  
Herefoze his grace let vs imploze,  
That wee with him ring euermoze.

A I P I S.

**C**If yee haue risen from the dead,  
With Christ our and cheife Souerane,  
Whilke did the inwart man reneue,  
Gloze not in earthly thinges vaine:

Gif ye haue rissen,  
Bot in the Croce of Christ Iesu.

Seik thinges aboue that are not seene,  
For neuer sall with carnall eene,  
Doe diligence, for to eschew  
The flesh the outward man & mine,  
And gloze in the Croce of Christ Iesu.

Honour it with feruent desyre,  
And I sall swa your spirit inspire,  
Aye when temptatioun dois you persew,  
Of Lycherie sall flocken the fyre,  
And gloze in the Croce of Christ Iesu.

When Auarice, Pride, or any Sinne,  
Into your memberis dois begin,  
Then pray with feruent heart and true,  
That yee may bee of Isaacks kyn,  
And gloze in the Croce of Christ Iesu.

And delv with deip into your Land,  
As Isack did whill that hee fand,  
The water of Life of heauenly bew,  
Whilk is now fillit with eird and sand,  
And glorit in the Croce of Christ Iesu.

Honour the Image of the Croce.  
Dought cryand out with curious voyce,  
Bot in spirit as it is dew:  
His gudnes that restoit the lose,  
And gloze in Croce of Christ Iesu.

His Image is his worde compleit,



Gif yee haue risen.

Performit be his haly Spzeit,  
Whilk from the Father sprang and grew  
There is nane Image halfe so sweit,  
And gloze in the Croce of Christ Iesu,

Gif yee lase Christ, hait not his word,  
His leuing Image is no bourd,  
Quha lightlies it, sall not eschew  
Of vengeance, the abominable sword,  
And gloze in the Croce of Christ Iesu.

Siclyke of Iuda the Lyon strang,  
Upon the Croce, hee grat and hang,  
When hee was raisit hee ouer-threw,  
The Serpent and his venemous stang.  
And gloze in the Croce of Christ Iesu.

The Decreit and sharpe hand write,  
That stopped vs from the Father quite,  
Furth of the mindes hee with-drew,  
And firt it to the Croce perfite,  
And gloze in the Croce of Christ Iesu.

Syne the Iewis that were Legall,  
And Gentiles that from Adams fall,  
So many yeres their God misknew;  
Made both ane body mysticall,  
And glozes in the Croce of Christ Iesu.

Let vs therefore with Paull now sing,  
Away from vs all visibill thing,  
Sing to the Lord ane sang of new,

The conception of Christ.  
Of laude, praise and comforting,  
And gloze in the Croce of Christ Ieseu.

With spirituall loue let vs proceid,  
Noght lyke the Jewes with feire & dreid  
Sing to the Lord ane sang right trew,  
That was borne of King Dauids seid.  
And gloze in the Croce of Christ Ieseu.

F I R S T.

Q uha suld my melodie amend,  
O2 solace swiftly to mee send,  
Quha suld mee succour o2 supplie.  
Quha suld mee from the deid defend,  
But God my loue in heauen so hie,  
Imploze his grace where wee offend,  
And doe our former lyfe amend:  
Gine honour only to that King,  
In whome our hope alone depend,  
And loue him also ouer all thing.

Nixt loue your Neighbour as your sell,  
Euill thoughts from your minde expell:  
Where speit is waik aske comforting,  
At him quhilk creat heauen and hell,  
Loue God in heauen attour all thing,

Doe gude for euill, and leue your life,  
Not gude for gude, nor euill for euill,  
Then yee present ane peirlesse sing,  
Of lyfe serene, the world untill,



The Conception of Christ.  
Luse God in heuin attour all thing.

Thocht thou perswaid this thzeid syding,  
Whilk still encreffis moir and moir,  
Think weill on heuinly governing,  
This warld is nocht but transitor,  
And luse thy God attour all thing.

Wha seruis the warld gais amis,  
And sall be far from heuins blis.  
For why) in Scripture is founding,  
Na wight can serue twa Lordis I wis,  
Luse God in heuin attour all thing.

F I P I S.

The Conception of Christ.

**L** At vs reioyce and sing  
And praise that mighty King,  
Whilk sent his Son of a Virgin bright.

La.

Lay.

La.

And on him take our vyle nature,  
Our deidlie wounds to cure,  
Mankind to hald in right.

La.

Lay.

La.

Sant Luke wyrtis in his Gospell,  
God sent his Angell Gabziell,  
Unto that Virgin but defame.

La.

Lay.

La.

to fulfill the Prophecie,  
Was sponsit with Ioseph free,  
Marie scho had to name.

La.

Lay.

La.

The Conception of Christ.

Thir words to hir he did reheirs,  
Haill Mary full of grace,  
The Lord God is with thee.

La.

Lay.

La.

How blisfit Virgin myld,  
How sall conserue ane Chyld,  
The pepill redeme sall he.

La.

Lay.

La.

Whais power and greit might,  
Sall be in Goddis sight,  
Whilk from the Father of might is send.

La.

Lay.

La.

Jesus his name ze call,  
Whilk salbe Prince ouir all,  
His kingdome sall haue na end.

La.

Lay.

La.

Then spak that Virgin frée,  
Behald how sall this bée,  
Seeing I know na man:

La.

Lay.

La.

Then said the Angell chaste,  
Be the power of the haly Gaist,  
Whilk all thing wick he can.

La.

Lay.

La.

Elizabeth thy cousin also,  
Sar moneths with Chyld can go,  
At whais birth grit ioy sall be.

La.

Lay.

La.

Call him John sayis the Angell bryght,



Whilke is send be Gods might,  
The Lords way prepare sall bee.

La,

Lay,

La.

A I P I S.

¶ Heir endes the spirituall fangs, and begins  
Psalmes of Daud with others new pleasant  
Ballates, Tranlated out of Enchiridion  
Psalmorum to bee sung.

Quare fremuerunt gentes. Psal. ii.

**Q**What is the cause, God Omnipotent,  
What all Nations communit are so sore,  
The Kinges and the people with an consent,  
Resistes thee, thy power and thy gloze,  
They stryue against thy Law aye more and more  
And contrair Christ thy Son whom thou has sent  
To saue all men that will on him depend.

They will not bee reformed from their stine.  
But will remaine blindit in ignozance,  
And will not thole to luke thy Law within,  
But castis it away with greit greuance.  
Thy counsell they refusit and goneernance,  
And following their owne heartes consait,  
Euerie man drawes a kindzie gait.

Bot thou, O God, in heauin into thy ring.  
Thou makes all their counsellis enerieich one,  
What they intend, that sall they nener bring  
To fina'll end, for thy wise dome alone:  
Their pzeignant wittes sall scozne, and anone,

What is the cause.

In thy great yre thou sall them fair repuse,  
And from thy face thou sall them swyth remuse.

Foz God hes set ane Captaine starke and wight,  
Christ his owne Sonne, God and man naturall,  
On Mont Sinay to rule it iust and right,  
That is to say, Gods kirke vniuersall.  
To teich his Fathers word Celestiall:  
His Godly will and pleasour foz to shaw,  
Instructing all the warld into his Law,

God said to him, Thou art my Sonne and Air,  
I thee begat foz euer and this day,  
Thy deid purchest victorie preclare,  
Syne from the deid thou raise to ring foz aye,  
My chosen in thee sall not cum to decay,  
Quha trowly trusts in thy godly Name,  
Sall neuer die, Eternally I plaine.

My Sonne I will thee giue all Nations,  
In heritage, and put them in thy cure:  
To rule them with thy Ministratiouns,  
And preise them with thy Croce at thy plesour,  
To purge their fleshy lust and make them pure,  
And foz to raise their mindes spirituall.  
To prayse thy Name now and perpetuall,

Heirfoir Kinges, and Kewlers now be war,  
Aduert till Gods word and discipline.  
Receiue his Sonne aboue all thinges perfar,  
His Godlie word, and keipe well his doctrine,  
Learne him to dreid, and traist intill him syne,

Whilk



Saif vs gude Lord.

Whilk is the trew wirship and righteousnes  
That God requires of mankind mair and les.

Resaif therefor his sweet correction,  
That he na mair with you offendit be,  
Befoir your eie with trew affection,  
And in your hart ye haue him Idently.  
Obey his Law for when greuit is he,  
Then wha dar his iust Judgement abide,  
Blissit are they whilk on him doth confide.

F I P I S.

Saluum me fac. Psal. xi.

Saif vs gude Lord, and succour send,  
For perishit is halynes:  
And trewth away from men is wend.  
And fled fra them is faithfulness,  
Disaist amang them is sa salwin,  
The verity may nocht be knowin,  
Their touns are full of feinzetnes.

Their lying touns, O Lord, cut out,  
That speiks into thy contemptioun:  
And sayis in all place round about,  
Our touns hes ane exemption,  
Euen as we pleis, our lips may lie,  
For we haue all authority,  
Pane hes of vs dominion.

But God hes said, and will it keip,  
I will rise vp incontinent,

O Lord how lang  
For the opprest that fair dois weip,  
And murning of the indigent.  
The poore that verit is so soze,  
I will them saue and them restoze,  
Fra wicked tungs teichment,

And Goddis word and pꝛomit,  
Is trewar, clerar, and mair pure,  
Then siluer seuin tymes purifyit:  
Sen that thou art in word so sure,  
Thow saue vs from sic sort of men,  
And fra the doctrine that they ken,  
Eternally on vs tak cure.

When Hypocrites are pꝛincipall,  
And hiest in authoritie:  
On force the pepill follow sall  
Their falsset and Hypocrisie,  
The pepill follow mon on neid,  
Thir Prelats and their wickit deid,  
Baith blindit from the verity.

Vsque quo Domine, psal. 21. with the tune of  
Exaudi Deus orationem meam.

O Lord how long for euer will thow forget,  
And hyde thy face fra me, or yet how lang  
Sall I reheirs thy counsell in my hert:  
When sall my hert ceis of this sozie sang,  
O Lord behald help me, and light my eine,  
That sudden slep of death do me na teine.



O Lord quha fall  
Or els when my enemies sees my fall,  
What did preuail, sone will they say on mee,  
And gif they see mee by them brought in thral  
They will rejoyce into their tyrannie,  
Bot I in God hes hope and trust to see,  
His godly helpe, then fall I loue the Lord,  
Whilk did mee saue from them that had me schoo  
F I P I S.

Domine quis habitabit. Psalme. XXIIII.

O Lord, quha fall in heauen dwell,  
In thy triumphant Throne and Tabernacle,  
Or quha fall on thy haly Hill sa hie,  
Make residence and haue his habitacle:  
The Innocent that is ane spectakill,  
Of holy life and conuersatioun,  
And iust in all his operatioun,

And hee whilke on the trueth hes all his thought,  
And with his tongue the same for till forth shaw,  
And quhais tongue his Neighbour noyse nought,  
And hurtes nane be boist, nor yet be blaw,  
And thocht his Neighbours fault or vice he knaw,  
Hee scornes not: but dois tell his brother,  
As that hee wald till him did ony other.

Hee that hes in na reputatioun  
The wickit men, in nourishing their vice,  
With flatterie and adulation.  
And all gude men hee halds into pryse,  
And they that dreidis, God hee countis wyse

The Lord is my Pastour.

What euer hee sweir to ony man or say,  
His promise hee will keepe without delay.  
As Decour will hee vse vntill his lane,  
Bot freely with his Neighbour lene and borrow,  
Contrait the just reward hee will take nane,  
Bot him defend from sinne shame and sorrow,  
This will hee doe at mid-night and at morrow,  
What euer hee be that well obserues this,  
Shall neuer perish, but ring in heauens blis.

A I P I S.

Dominus me regit. Psal. XXIII,

**T**he Lord God is my Pastour gude,  
Aboundantly mee for to feid,  
Then how can I be destitute,  
Of any gude thing in my neid,  
Hee feid mee in feildes faire,  
To Riuers swet pure and preclair.  
Hee dzyues mee bot ony dzeid,

My saull and lyfe hee dois refresh,  
And mee conuoyes in the way,  
Of his justice and righteousnesse,  
And mee defends from decay.  
Not for my warkes verteousnesse,  
But for his Name so glorious,  
Preserues mee baith night and day,  
And though I wander, or goe will,  
Or am in danger for to die,  
No dzeid of deid shall come mee till.



The Lord is my pastour:  
For feare of cruell tyrannie,  
Because that thou art mee beside,  
To gouerne mee and be my gyde,  
From all mischiese and miserie.  
Thy staffe whereof I stand great aw,  
And thy scheip huke mee for to fang,  
They nurture mee my faults to knaw,  
When fra the hie way I gae wraung,  
Therefore my spirit is blyth and glad,  
When on my flesh thy scourge is laid,  
In the right way to gar mee gang.

And thou ane Tabill does prouyde,  
Besore mee full of all delyte,  
Contrair to my perscuars pryde,  
To their displeasure and dyspyte.  
Thou hes annoynted my head,  
And full my cup thou hes made,  
With many dishes of delyte,

Thy gudnesse and benignity,  
Let euer bee with mee therfore,  
And while I liue vntill I die,  
Thou lay them vp with mee in store,  
That I may haue thy dwelling place,  
Into thy House besore my face,  
To ring with thee from euermore.

¶ I P S.

Exultate iusti in Domino Psal. xxxiiii.

**Y**e righteous rejoyce, and loue the Lord,  
Iust men, to thank their God does well accord  
Play

Ze righteous rejoycé.

Play on your Lut, and sweetlie to it sing,  
Take Harpe in hand with many lustie string,  
Tyzle on the ten stringit Instrument,  
And praise your God with hert, and haill intent,  
Sing na auld thing the whilke is abzogate,  
Bot sing some new pleasand perfyt ballate,  
Alaw vp Organs with glad and heauenly sound,  
Joyfull in heart whilke all the skyes resound,  
For Gods word is true and veritie,  
And dois all his dedis faithfully,  
The Lord lufes iustice and righteousness,  
And all the earth is full of his gudnesse,  
The heauens hie were create by the Lord,  
Their oznaments were dresed by his word,  
Hée he apes vpon the waters lyke ane hill,  
Syne turnes them in the deepe when that hée will,  
Dread yee the Lord all dwellers on the ground:  
And worshop him all haunts the world so round,  
What God decreitis is done incontinent,  
All Creature obeys his commandement,  
The counsells of the wicked and deuyle,  
Hée perturbs appeirand euer so wyse,  
Hée scoznes all their consolatioun,  
And wicked peoples imaginatioun,  
Bot his counsell sall last perpetuall,  
And sall indure till generariouns all  
Full happy is the people maist and leiff,  
Whilke in their God and Lord hes all their traiff,  
And whom that God dois cheis befoze all age,  
Them to posses in proper heritage,

The



Thou shall not follow

The Lord lookes forth of his heavenly seat,  
And perceives all men of everilke state:  
From his triumphant Throne hee dois behold,  
All Nations and dwellers on the molde:  
For hee allone did creat all their hertis,  
And hee allone did know all their warkis,  
The King is not saif by his great Armie,  
Nor Gyand saue by strength of his bodie.  
The bardet horse in neid shall men dissaife,  
And many thousand horse may no man saife,  
The eyes of the Lord they doe aduert,  
Till them that deids him with all their heart,  
Trusting his godly helpe with patience,  
To saife their life in time of pestilence,  
And in the time of derth them for to feid:  
And bee their only helpe in all their neid,  
Therefore my saull in God put thy beliese,  
Our strength and targe to saif vs from mischeise,  
Our heart shall be into the Lord joyous,  
Sen wee trust in his Name most glorious,  
Assist to vs, O Lord, for thy goodnesse,  
Euen as wee trust in thy great gentilnesse.

¶ I P S.

Noli æmulari. Psal. XXXVII.

**T**hou shall not follow wickit mens way,  
Nor yet mourne that sinfull haue gude dayes,  
For like the widderit hay sone shall they faid,  
And as the grasse that wallowes rute and blaid,  
But in the Lord put thou thy haill beliese,  
And worke his will and that may not him greie.

Thou shalt not fallow.

And then the fruitful Land thou shalt possess,  
Abundantly and shalt have great riches:  
Into the Lord put all thy hallow desire,  
And hee shall grant thy heartes appetite,  
Shew furth before the Lord thy mynde and will,  
And trest in him, hee shall it well fulfill.  
Then as the golden morning shines bright,  
So shall thy Justice shine to everie wight,  
And as the Sunne in mid-day shines faire,  
So shall thy vertue be knowne all where,  
Upon the Lord have ever thy intent,  
Before thine eie and have him aye present,  
And muse thee not at their prosperitie,  
That leavis all their lyfe in angourie.  
Remove rancour and yee furth of thy thought,  
The ill example of the wickit follow nought:  
For cruell men shall sure destroyit bee,  
But quia abyds the Lord patientlie,  
Shall bryke the Land and his possession,  
Full peaciabily without oppression,  
Suffer a little while, and thou shalt see,  
The wickit man perish before thine eie,  
Thou shalt behald him, and his mansioun,  
Be brought to nought and utter confusion,  
But humble men shall inherite the erth,  
And leve in peace fra wickit mens reird  
The sinfull man with euill awaytit,  
The innocent that can not make debait,  
With countenance austere shall on him gaze,  
His yffull hert, with baill shall ever gaze,



Thou shalt not follow.

But thou my Lord shalt laugh them all to scorn,  
And knowest the tyme that they shall be forlorne,  
The cruell men shall draw their bierneist brand,  
And haue their bow bent redde in their hand,  
For to slay the meeke and innocent,  
That they may come to their wicked intent,  
Their owne sword shall stryke them throu the heart,  
And broken shall their bow bee in all part.  
The lytell of the iust is more commended,  
So that it bee well winne and better spended,  
Then is the great riches of wicked men,  
Wherethrou they doe both God and man misken,  
The power of the wicked shall decay,  
But God shall preserve the iust man for aye,  
The tymes of the iust God does record,  
Their heritage shall bee with God the Lord:  
In tyme of perill they shall not bee agast,  
And in great verth their fude shall bee adrest.  
But wicked men shall perish in their need,  
And they that of the Lord hes no dreid:  
Lyke Sacrifice they shall consumed bee,  
Whereof but reike thou can no more see,  
The wicked man will take and will not pay,  
The Iust frely will giue without delay:  
Quha loues him and of him speakes gude  
Shall bryke the Land but quha will delude,  
Do does blasphemie the kynde and liberall,  
Shall ruttit be furth of memoriall,  
The pathes of the iust God does direct.  
He lovies him, and will not him neglect,

Suppose

Thou shalt not follow:

Suppose hee shall be sea, or yet be land,  
God will erect him with his helping hand,  
I haue bene young, and cum now to great age,  
Yet saw I neuer the iust man left in thirllage,  
Nor yet haue scene his posterity,  
Beggand their bread for great necessity,  
But hee will giue and len his gudes at large,  
Till them that muste bes, and will him charge,  
Yet shall his seid liue into plenteousnesse,  
Aboundantly possesse greit riches.

Hee leues ill, and followes gode therefore,  
With God hee shall ring euermore,  
The Lord loues iustice and equitie,  
And leuis not his Saindes in miserie,  
For hee on them perpetually bes care,  
But wicked mens seid shall not indure,  
Iust men with ioye the earth shall possesse,  
And dwell lang tyme on it and haue successe:  
The iust mans mouth exercise sapience,  
Of equitie eye speakand of prudence,  
The Law of God 's in his hert so haill,  
In all his wayes therefore hee can not faill,  
The wicked does obserue the innocent,  
To seike to slay him with cruell intent,  
But God will not him leise into his neid,  
But will him saife from tyrannes wicked deid,  
They can not him comdemne when they accuse,  
Preserued shall hee bee from their abuse,  
Trust in the Lord and keipe well his command,  
And hee shall the exalt in euery Land.



O Lord aduert.

Possesse the eird thou sall and with thine eye,  
The wickit man destroyit sall thou see,  
Sometime a tyrane flourish haue I seene,  
Like Lamzell tree whilke euer growes græne,  
Bot in short time sone was he brought to nought,  
Hee was not found noz that belangit him oght.  
Keepe Justice, and haue ane eye vnto the right,  
That sall make peace for euer with God of might,  
For wrongous men sall end mischieuously,  
And wickit mens fyne is miserie,  
The iust all haill vpon the Lord dependes,  
God helpes him and sends him supplie,  
And saues him fra Tyranes crueltie,  
Because in him hee did put his trust,  
Into his troubles nocht coulde him molest.

¶¶¶.

Exaudi Deus orationem meam Psal. lxiiii.

O Lord aduert vnto my voyce and cry,  
Now when I pray vnto thy Majestie,  
From dyaidour of my mortall Enemie,  
Defend my lyfe and als deliuer mee,  
Defend mee from the false subtiltie,  
Of wickit men, and from the cruelnesse,  
Of them that alwayes wirke vnrightheousnesse,  
Fra them that bes their tongue sharpe and grownd  
And sharper than any twa edged sword,  
Like deadly dartes thou givest stang and ffound.

Rig

O Lord advert

Richt sa pzoceids of thair mouth every word,  
Quhairwith to slay thay thinke it but a bourd,  
The Innocent with secret dissemblance:  
Without dreidour of Goddis vengeance.

They haue deuyfit abhominatioun,  
Amang themselves in their maliciousnes:  
Richt priuily is their communicatioun,  
To set their nets with clokit craftines,  
With sik deuce as it were halynes,  
That na man suld their violence espy,  
Quhilk wald reuenge their fals Hypocrisse.

Their counsell is to search and to inquire,  
The Innocent with wzang for till accuse.  
In all this world they haue na mair desire,  
For euer in their mind of this they muse,  
Quha will delay it they will make na refuse  
Of fa or fule, and for suspition  
They will bring men vnto confusion.

But now na mair their malice sall remaine,  
For God sall strike them in short sesoun,  
Of whom they salbe plaguit with greit paine,  
And men sall hatd them in derisioun,  
Their tungis salbe their awin confusioun,  
Quhilk was sa sharp in contrair Innocence,  
That for themselves they sall make na defence.

Quhen men sall see this battie sudden change,  
Then sall they wonder, and cleikie understand  
That it is God quhilk dois his awin reuenge,



Till trew in hart

And sall weill know that name can him withstand  
All men sall see this wark of Goddis hand,  
The iust sall traist in God and als rejoyce,  
And all trew harts sall joy to heare this noyce.

¶ I P S.

Quam bonus Deus Israel. Psal. lxxiii.

**T**ill trew in hart God of Israell is swæt,  
But stagger & almaiſt failzet my feet,  
When I beheld thir peruerſt wicked men,  
Prosper alway, thogh they did God misken.

There is na zock thir wicked men may oppres,  
Bot euer in wealth, pleasure and great riches,  
When vther men are troubled, and diseasit,  
With all pastime full pleasantly they are easit.

Thow whilk they are exalted into pride,  
Their violence and wzang walkes full wyde,  
Thow their great might in all kin last they liue,  
What they can thinke vnto their hert they giue.

What euer is done they think it vanity,  
But gif that they the authour of it be,  
God of Levin they blaspheme with their mouth,  
No curse all men they think it na vneouth.

For this the pepill dois flow to & fro,  
When they the wicked with welth see do swa.  
They dare be bauld to doubt gif God dois know  
Or vnderstand the breking of his Law.

Till trew in hart

And I also thocht their prosperity,,  
Suld euer indure with them Eternally,  
And thocht vnto my selfe I did offence,  
That washed my hands, and liued in Innocence,

To thole distres I thocht it was in vaine,  
Waith day and night to take on me sic paine:  
When I had lang argound on sic a kinde,  
The sons of God I damned in my minde.

I tuke trauell on this to knaw the treuth,  
Bot all for noght my labour was but sleuth:  
When I sall enter in Gods secreit place,  
Then sall I see their end before my face.

Full sliddrie is the seat that they on sit,  
And for their fault till hell sone sall they flit,  
For suddenly they sall die with mischief,  
Their destruction sall be without relief.

As when a man awakes of his dreame,  
Sa sall the Lord destroy their fulish fame,  
When I had this Imaginatioun,  
My dullie spirit was in great passioun.

Imprudently this bzint I in my thocht,  
In thy presence as brutall beist of noght,  
But thou let not me fall in sic a sort,  
But held my hand and gaue me gude comfort.

With thy counsell thou sall me well convoy,  
And after this resauue me to thy joy.  
O Lord what euer in heuin ordain'd for me,



God for thy Grace.

Duther in eird, compair I not to thee,

Nothing am I, my body nor my heart,

God is my strength and ever shall be my part,

Perish shall they that flie from thee farre,

Lost shall they be, that ought to thee prefer.

To mee forsuith I thinke it for the best,

To cleue to God, and on him put my trust.

And shew the nobill workes that hee has done,

To whom be glorie ringand in his throne.

¶ I I I I I.

Deus quis similis erit tibi. Psal. lxxxiii.

**G**od for thy grace thou keepe no more silence,

Postpone it not, but haste thy vengeance,

On Hypocrites humbly I thee exhort,

For thay rebels with rage doe resort.

And they wilke at thee haue mortall feid,

Contrare thy might has lifted vp their heid.

And till oppresse thy people doe pretend,

Under pretence and cloikit balinesse,

With subtill sight, to slay vs they pretend,

Confederat they are baith main and lesse,

Contrair thy testament our hope and righteousness

They say, they shall vs rote from the ground,

That na mentioun of vs shall main be found.

They now conspyre with cruell hart and fell,

With aue consent, together in aue band,

Whilke neuer befoze could grie among them self.

Strugle

God for thy Grace,  
Struand for state and heicht in euery Land,  
Bot contrair thee, togidder stiffe they stand,  
And fast like burres they cleise baith ane and all,  
To halo, O God, thy word and vs in thzall,  
Ze Edomites fool with thzeefall Croune,  
The crop and rute of pride and tyzrannie,  
Ze Ismalites with scarlat hat and gowne,  
Your bludie boist na syth can satisfie,  
Ye Moabits with hoznes twa full hie,  
Outward lyke sheips yee beir the beistes marke,  
Inward like tykes yee bite but can not barke,  
Of Agarens what tounge can tell the tryne,  
With hucklit hude ouer a weill newtst necke,  
Jabel and Amon, als fat as any swine.  
Quhilke can not doe, bot drink sing, jouk and bek,  
The Amelekis, that leissings weill can cleke.  
The Balettensis with dum Doctors of Wyze,  
Whilke dar not disput, but cryes syze, syze,  
Assure in harnes is with them euer more,  
Companzeoun hee is perpetuall  
To Lots sonnes, for to maintaine their gloze,  
Hee wates nocht ellis, for his conscience is thzall,  
To them whilke hes na hope celestiaall,  
Bot contrair God indurit hes their heartes  
Syne sylie princes blindly take their partes,  
O God of gloze resist their cruelnesse,  
As thou sumtime ouerthzew the Madionitis,  
And Sitera with his maliciousnesse,

And



God for thy Grace.

And Iabene, with his bludie Hypocrites,  
At Iyfon flude as weill the story dytes,  
They perished at Endor thow thy might,  
Synne muke become, and filth for all their hight.

Their gouernours and their guides gif siclyke,  
As Dzeb Seb, Seba, and Zelmanie,  
Their sinnes shawes they are a bludie byke,  
And yet they wald thow their Hypocrisie,  
Posses the Kirk of God thow tyranny,  
And will cum to na counsell generall.  
For feir they lose their pompe pontificall.

As wheill vnstable, and casse befoze the wind,  
And as the wood consumed is with fire,  
And as the flame burning where it can find  
The faggot in the field with great Impyre:  
Siclyke persew them with thy grievous Ire,  
Let thy tempest their wrath'ulnes reuenge,  
And let thy stozme their pride in purteth change.

Confound the Lord that they may seik thy Name,  
Perturbe their mind with care continuall,  
And let them perish and cum till utter shame,  
Let them knaw thee for the God Eternall,  
Allanerly on thee alone to call,  
And thee obey aboue all eirdly thing,  
Maist mightiest, maist hiest in thy King.

FINIS.

**Q**ui on the hiest will depend,  
And in his secret help shall traist,  
Almighty God shall him defend,  
And guide him with his haly Gaist:  
Therefore with mind ripe and digest  
Thow say to God my trew releue:  
My hope, my God of mightis maist,  
Only in him I will beleue.

He shall deliuer thee at need,  
And saue thy life from pestilence,  
His wings are thy weerele weed,  
His pens are thy strang defence,  
And thou shalt haue experience,  
That his trew promise is thy sheild,  
His word of great magnificence,  
Shall be thy bucklar and thy beild.

Na wicked spirit shall thee affray,  
Nor thee delude into the night,  
The fleand darts be the day,  
To trouble thee shall haue na might.  
No sudden chance of vnconth flight,  
Shall cumme thee nor make thee red,  
Nor thee perturbe in mick nor light,  
But from all plague thou shalt be freed.

And thou shalt see at thy left hand,  
A thousand haue a sudden fall.  
And als thow shalt see ten thousand,  
At thy right hand whilk perish shall,  
Yet noght to thee shall cum at ali,



Quha on the hieft will depend.

Bot thou fall with thine eie behald,  
Sinners put fra memoziell  
With plagues greit and monifald.

O Lord my hope and all my grace,  
Thou saif me for thy greit mercie,  
Thy gyrt is set in sicker place,  
For he sall saif thee michtfully  
And na mischance shall cum to thee,  
Nor malady shall thee molest,  
Na misfortune thy house sall see,  
But all things wick sall for the best.

His angels he sall giue ane charge,  
That they on thee sall take the cure,  
In all thy wayes to be ane targe,  
To keep thee from misauenture,  
And with their hands they sall thee sure,  
That thou hurt not agains ane craige  
Thy sute, but sall preserve thee sure,  
From perils, pains, and from the plague.

Thow sall strampe on the edders stang,  
And tred on the cruell Cockatrice,  
The Lyons craig thow sall ouergang,  
The dreidfull Dragon thow sall chace,  
Sen thow me traistis in all cace,  
Sayis God I sall saue thee fra all thame,  
And thee defend in euery place,  
For cause thow knaws my godly name.

When fra Egypt.

When thou sall call I sall thee heir,  
And in distress sall be with thee,  
I sall restoir thee hail and feir,  
And als I sall thee magnifie:  
With lang life doutet sall thou be,  
And at thy last I sall thee bying,  
Quhair thou eternall gloir sall see,  
O evermoir with me to ring.

¶ I P S.

In exitu Israel, Psal. lxxxi.

When fra Egypt departit Israell,  
And Jacobs hous fra pepils harbour fell,  
To Juda Lord thou was his Saviour,  
And to Israell ane guide and governour,  
Whilk when the sea had sene for feir it fled,  
The flude Iordane reid back it was sa red,  
The mountaines mouit, and ran athort like rammis,  
The hilles danfit and lightly lap like lambis.  
Thow swelland sea quhat mouit thee to flie?  
To gang aback Iordane what ailit thee?  
What gart thou mountaines like rams stert & stend,  
And the hils like lambis loup and bend,  
It was the Lords feir that made ilk reid.  
And Jacobs God perturbit all the eird,  
For God turnit the craig in fresh river,  
The barren b2a in fontaine water cleir.  
Not unto vs, not unto us O Lord,  
But to thy sweet promise and to thy word,  
And to thy name be gloir allanerlie,

Whilk



When from Egypt.

Whilke keepes thy promise faithfully,  
Therefore let not our enemies blaspheme,  
Thy Majesty, for wee may not susteine,  
To heir them say, Where is thy greit ascence,  
The godly helpe of thy magnificence.  
Our God forsuith rings in heauin full bie,  
And what him list is, or lykes woakes hee,  
Their Images of stocke, stane, gilt with gold,  
Are made be men, and syne for money solde,  
They haue a mouth can nother say nor sing,  
Their eene are blynd, and they can see nothing,  
They cannot heir thought men doe cry and zell,  
Their noise thirlis can nouthur sauer nor smell.  
They haue hands, can nouthur feill nor grop,  
Their fundyt fete can nouthur gang nor loupe,  
They can pronounce no voyce furth of their throte,  
They are ouergane with muse-wobs and motes,  
Naba makes them, or traists in their suppozt,  
Are lyke to them in all manner of sozt,  
But thou Israel in God put thy traist,  
Thy protectoz into thy mister maist.  
Wee house of Aaron in God put your beleife,  
Your defender and na man can you greife:  
All worshippers of God, trust in his Name,  
Hee is your helpe and Sauour allane,  
The Lord hes mynde and mercie vpon vs,  
Will fauour vs, and bring vs to his blisse,  
Als seid the house of Israel with his fude,  
And to the house of Aaron will bee gude.  
Thou sail doe well to them that dzeids thee,

Except the Lord,  
Both yong and old what state that euer they be,  
God sall augment his people and incres,  
And eike his sonnes daughters moze and les.  
He is the Lord that creat heuin,  
And earth with his creatures, in dayes senin,  
The heuins are the Lordes habitation,  
The earth hee giues to mans propagation,  
The deid may noght loue among the laue,  
For they that are disceinded in their graue,  
Bot wee that are on life sall loue and sing  
To God for euer vnto our lines end,  
Amen.

Nisi quia Dominus. Psal. Cxxiiii.

Except the Lord with vs had stand,  
Had not the Lord beene our warrand,  
Say furth Israel vnseizeitly:  
When men raise in our countrey,  
They had vs all on line deuored:  
With Ire so sharply they vs thozed,  
So kended was their cruelty,

For like the water and walles byrme,  
They had ouerwhelmed vs with might,  
Lyke burnes that in spait fast rin,  
They had ouerthzawne vs with flight,  
The bulrand streames of their pryde,  
Had perished vs thzow bake and syde.  
And rest fra vs our life full right.

Bot louing to the Lord allone,

That



Except the Lord  
That gave vs nought to be their pray,  
To be rent with their teith anone,  
Bot hes vs freed full weill them fra?  
Like to ane bird tane in a net,  
The which the Fowler for his set  
Sa is our life weill win away.

The net is broken in pieces small,  
And we are sauit fra their shame:  
Our hope was ay and euer fall  
We in the Lord and in his name,  
The which hes creat heuin so hie,  
And made the eird so marueilouslie,  
And all the ferlies of the same.

A I P I S.

De profundis. Psal. xxx.

**F**ra deip (O Lord) I call on thee,  
Lord heir my invocation  
Thy eiris thou incline to me,  
And heir my lamentation:  
For gif thou wilt our sin impute  
Wilt vs O Lord that we commit,  
Wha may bide thy accusation.

Bot thou art mercifull and kinde,  
And hes promittit in thy wyte,  
Them that repent with heart and minde  
Of all their sin to make them quite.  
Thocht I be full of sinfulness,  
Zit thou art full of faithfulness,

I will thes loue Lord  
And thy promise trew and perfyte ,  
My hope is stedfast in the Lord ,  
My saull euer on him traist ,  
And my beleue is in thy woord ,  
And all thy promises maist and leist ,  
My saull on God waites and is bent ,  
As watchmen wauld the night were went ,  
Bydand the day to take him rest.

Israel in God put thy beliese ,  
For hee is full of gentilnes ,  
Freedome, gudnes and all releeue ,  
All Israel of their distres .  
Hee shall deliuer Israel ,  
And all their sinners shall expell ,  
And cleith them with his righteousnesse ,  
F I F S .

Super Flumina Babylonis.  
Psal. Cxxxviii.

**A**T the Riuers of Babylon,  
Where wee dwelt in Captiuitie,  
When wee remembered on Syon,  
Wee weeped all full sorrowfully,  
On the Sargh-trees our Harpes wee hang,  
When they required vs aue sang,  
They held vs in sic thraldome,  
They bade vs sing some psalmes or hymne,  
That wee sometime sang Syon in,  
To whom wee answered full lute,



I will the loue.

How may wee outther play or sing,  
The Psalmes of our Lord so sweet.  
Intill ane vnconth land or reigne,  
My right hand first sall that foyleit,  
Or Ierusalem fozzettin bee,  
Fast to my chaftes my toung sall bee  
Claspit, or that I it fozzet,  
In my maist gladnesse and my game,  
I sall remember Ierusalem,  
And all my hert vpon it set.

O Lord thinke on the Edomites,  
How they did at Ierusalem,  
They bade distroy with cruelties,  
Put all to sacke and it ouerwhelme,  
Bot watched sall thou bee Babylon,  
And blessed is that Champion,  
Shall serue thee as thou serued vs.  
And hee that sall thy bairnes plaig,  
And rash their harnes against an craige  
As happie and full glozious.

A I P I S.

Exultabo te. Psa. Cvi.

I Will thee loue my gracious Lord and King,  
Thankand thy Name for euer will I sing:  
All time I will rejoyce and sing to thee,  
And praise thy Name also perpetuallie,  
Greit is the Lord, and all laude does excell,  
And his greit might quha can discerne and tell,  
Am

I will thee Loue.

Ane generatioun thy warkes does declair,

Unto ane vther, and als thy greit power,

Thy gloze, thy greitnes, and thy magnificence,

Thy nobill actes and digne remembrance,

I will furth shaw thy marueilles so greit,

Thy magnitudo I will it put in dyte,

Memorie als of thy greit gentilnesse,

Wee sall aye sing and of thy rigteousnesse,

The Lord is meike and mercifull is hee.

Slaw to reuenge, and to forgie redie,

Courtes and kinde till all men is the Lord,

All his warkes hee is misericorde.

And all the warkes doe thanke thee therefore,

And all thy Sanctes to thy Name giue gloze,

The gloriousnesse of thy Kingdome they teich,

And with their tongue thy great power preich,

Till all Nations thy magnitudo and might,

Of thy rich renowne thy heuinlie lousome light,

Thy royall Realme, is Realme of realmes all,

And thy Ampyre indure for euer sall,

The Lord is helpe to them that slide and stumme,

Them that troubled are, bynges out of cammer,

All mens eie, O Lord, doe thee abide,

Thou seids them in all time and tide,

Thou openest furth thy hand full gracionlie,

And satisfies all flesh abundantlie,

In all his wayes the Lord is iust and right,

In all his warkes is sanctified his might,

Till all calles on the Lord, hee is full neir,

So that in trew beleife bee their prayer,



The Heathen folke.

Hee grants their desire that dreads him,  
And heltris them and forgeres their sinne;  
All them that loues the Lord hee saues them,  
And hee confounds all sort of wicked men,  
The louing of the Lord my mouth shall sound,  
All louing men into this world so round,  
Shall loue thy Name perpetuall and more,  
Gif more may bee, reghand into thy gloze.  
J I P I S.

Deus venerunt gentes.

Plal. Lxxvii.

**T**he Heathen folke, Lord in thy heritage,  
Hes cum in to exerce their tyrannie,  
And hes defiled euer to this age,  
The Tempill whilke was dedicate to thee,  
Whilke holy was, and yett shall blessed bee,  
Jerusalem, as appillis lay in heip,  
Wot thou gude Lord, ryle vp, and na mair sleepe,  
Their tyrannie against thy commands,  
Right cruelly exercit in dyspyte,  
Hes put to deid thy iust and trew seruandes.  
The foules of the heauen with greit delyte,  
Did eit their flesh, and beistes fair culd byte,  
Their bodies when they lay in common streit,  
Jerusalem therefore right soze did wepe.  
Their blude was shed, as Riuers of a well,  
That compass hes Jerusalem about,  
None was that might their tyrannie expell.  
Against

The Hethen folk

Agains them it was sa strang and stout.  
Their bodies throw their danger and their dout,  
Unburyit was, beyd of all Sepulture,  
That nane to bury them wald take the cure.

Our nighbours (LORD) hes mocked vs with scozne,  
And leugh at vs with great illusioun:  
Bot thou gude (LORD) let vs not be forlozne,  
How lang sall we remaine in confusioun?  
Will thou vs hald in their abusoun?  
Unto the end, sall thy wzath burne as fire?  
Alace (gude LORD) remuse fra vs sic yre.

Kather cast furth thy grief and cruelnes  
On wicked men quhilk neuer will thee knaw,  
And Realmes that misknaw thy godlines,  
Bot hauid Ce vnto thy godly Law.  
For Jacob and his hous they sair ouerthrow,  
And hes vs left all foldit into cair,  
Beleuand for to bring vs to despair.

Aboyde (LORD) furth of thy remembrance,  
Our sinfull life that we haue sleipt in:  
Our will sall be thy mercy to aduance,  
For be the samit remitted is our sin,  
And as water that fast rinnes ouer a lin,  
Dois not retorne again to the awin place.  
O thou gude LORD, put our sin from thy face.

Help vs gude LORD our gyde and Gouvernour,  
Deliver vs for thy Names sake glozious,  
Thou art our hope, our help and Saviour,



The Hethen folk.

And als our sinnes maist dangerous,  
Does put away for that thou promisest vs,  
When we will turne to thee with a trew hert,  
And fra our sinfull life to thee convert.

For shaw thou not thy mercy in distress,  
Our Enemies shall grow in tyrannie,  
And shall say God hes left vs merciles,  
But thou gude Lord exerce thy crueltie,  
Upon our fais that sayes shamefully  
Where is their God in quhom they did beleif,  
He hes them left without help and releif.

The vengeance of the blude of thy seruands,  
Not cum into thy presence and thy sight,  
The greeting of thy poppe that are in bands,  
In prison pryde, of day wantand the light,  
The voice of them that to the deid are dight.  
Heir now (gude Lord) & help them in their need,  
And be their strength at all times and remed.

Reward their fais according to their wzang,  
Sein fald their sin gude Lord mot punishe be,  
For they haue blasphemit all too lang,  
Speikand contrair thy godly Maiesty,  
Bot we thy pepill and shep shall magnifie,  
And als exalt thy laud, thy Name and gloze,  
And shall thee loue for now and evermoze.

FINIS.

Adv. Bill

Miserere mei Deus. Psal. li.

**H**ave mercy on me God of might,  
Of mercy Lord and King:  
For thy mercy is set full right  
Aboue all eirdly thing,  
Wherefore I cry baith day and night,  
And with my hert sall sing:  
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

Have mercy on me (O gude Lord)  
Efter thy greit mercy;  
My sinfull life does me remo2d,  
Quhilk sair hes greuit thee:  
Bot thy greit grace hes me restord  
Thro2w grace to libertie.  
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

Et secundum multitudinem

Gude Lord I knaw my wickednes.  
Contrair to thy command,  
Rebelland ay with cruelnes,  
And led me in ane band  
To Sathan quha is merciles,  
Zit Lord heir me cryand,  
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

Quhat King can tell the multitude  
Lord of thy greit mercy,  
Sen sinners hes thy celsitude  
Resisted cruellie,  
Zit na sinner will thou seclude,  
That this will cry to thee.  
To thy mercie with thee will I go.



Haue mercy on me God of might.

Amplius lava me.

Thow wythe me Lord when I was bozne,  
From all my wickednes.  
Bot yet I did thow sin, forlozne,  
Of heuin the righteousness,  
Wash me again, and from thy bozne,  
Deliuier me in stres,  
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

And fra my sin thow make me clene,  
As thow made Dauid King,  
With Peter, Paul and Magdalen,  
Quha now dois with thee sing,  
In heuinly joy fair and amene:  
And I sall with them sing,  
To thy mercie with thee will I go.

Quoniam iniquitatem.

Full weill I knaw my wickednes,  
And sin contrarious:  
Blasphemed haue thy gentlenes,  
With sin maist dangerous,  
And hes me led in heuines,  
Zit to God maist gracious,  
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

I grant my finfull life did vse  
In Sensuality:  
Zit thou gude Lord will nane refuse  
That will come vnto thee.  
Heirfoze I sharple me accuse.

Cryand

Haue mercy on me God of might.  
Cryand for thy mercie.  
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

Tibi soli peccavi  
Only to thee I did offend,  
And mekill euill hes done,  
Whow quhilk apperandly defence  
To me is nane abone:  
Thus men wil judge thy iust vengeance  
Hes put me from thy throne.

Zit to thy mercy with thee will I go:  
Thocht thou gude Lord be judged thus,  
Full fals and wzangouslie,  
O God sa gude and gracious,  
Let their iudging vincust be,  
And shaw thy mercy plenteous,  
Quhilk mot vs iustifie:  
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

Consauit into sin I am.  
My wickednes thocht thou behald,  
Quhilk I contracted of Adams,  
Sinnand right manifest,  
My mother als did eik the same,  
And I to sin was sold.  
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

Bot zit the Lord Omnipotent,  
My cairfull care did cure.  
At Font when I was impotent,  
Fragill, vaine, byld and pure,

Then



Haue mercy on me God of might.  
Then helpit me that King Potent,  
In my misadventure.  
To thy mercie with thee will I go.

Ecce enim veritatem.  
Behald thou Iustis trueth gude Lord,  
Thou art the veritie:  
This weill thy promiseis can record,  
Where thou does it shaw to me.  
The hid things of thy godlie word,  
That were vnshure to me.  
To thy mercie with thee will I go.

Thou heght to Abraham anone,  
Isack his eldest Son:  
Thou promiseist als that Salomon  
Suld bruke King Davids throne.  
To sinners als that calles thee on,  
Grace cummis from abone.  
To thy mercie with thee will I go.

Asperges me.  
With Hope Lord thou sprinkle me,  
And then I shall be cleane,  
And clearer then maid shall I be,  
Then euer saw hes bene,  
Zit of my clenenes thy mercie  
The rute is euer scene:  
To thy mercie with thee will I go.

This Hope is humilitie,  
Right law intill ascence:

Haue mercy on me God of might.

The snaw sa white in all degré,  
Betakens Innocence.

For and thir twa do gouerne me,  
I sall do nane offence.

To thy mercie with thee will I go.

Auditui meo dabis,

Then joy and mirth thou sall giue me,

Thy mercy quhen I heir:

My bands law thou sall releue,

And be my shield and speir:

Thy sword also right soze sall greue

My Enemies with feir.

To thy mercie with thee will I go.

My hope and traist hes bene to lang  
In mens fals supplie,

Wherefore I grant I haue done wrong

Not hopand help of thee,

But now with stedfast faith I gang

Unto thy Maiestie.

To thy mercie with thee will I go.

Adverte faciem tuam.

For my sinnes aduert thy face,

My wickednes expell,

Sen I haue hopit in thy grace,

Thou saue me from the hell,

Thy mercie is set in stcker place,

As sinner can expell.

To thy mercie with thee will I go.

Th



Haue mercy on me God of might.

The thief that hang on thy right hand,  
And suffered with thee deid,  
In the last houre thy mercy fand  
For sin, the haill remeid.  
Siclyke gude Lord heir me cryand,  
And help me in my neid,  
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

Cor mundum.

Thou creat in me (O God) an hart  
Waith cleene and innocent,  
And let me not from thee depart,  
By God Omnipotent,  
Sen vnto thee I shaw my smert,  
Right poore and indigent.  
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

Keneto me with thy haly Spreit,  
To help my feblenes:  
My teires fall my cheikis weit  
For my greit sinfulness,  
But thou gude Lord my comfort sweet,  
Expell my wickednes.  
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

Ne proicias me.

O gude Lord cast me not away  
From thy perfyte ptesence:  
Sen that I grant my sinnes ay,  
Hes done thee greit offence,  
And I shall praise baith night and day

Haue mercie on mee Lord of might,  
Thy greit Magnificence,  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe.

Take not from mee thy godly Spzeit.  
In my aduersitie,  
For till my saull it is full sweit,  
When sinne besettes mee,  
And thou shalt make my saull full meet,  
Unto thy Majestie,  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe.

redde mihi.

Giue mee the blythnes and the blis,  
Of my sweet Saviour:  
For throw his bitter deid I mis,  
Of hell the dint is dour,  
And in this mortall life hee is,  
My strang defence and tour,  
To thy mercy with thee will I goe,

Cofirme thy Spzeit most principall  
Into mee throw thy grace,  
For sinne right lang held mee in thral,  
And put mee from thy face,  
Yet vnto thee, Lord, will I call,  
Into my haue cace,  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe,

Docebo iniquos.

Then I shall teich the wicked men,  
Thy wayes just and right:  
And they that did thee long misken,



Haue mercie on mee God of might,  
Hall know the God of might,  
When they shall rise furth of the den  
Of sinne, and come to light.  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe,

The sinfull then to thee reuert,  
Hall into gudlie haist,  
And rewe their sinnes with their hert,  
And their auld life detest,  
Unto them Lord thou shall conuert,  
When they thy mercie tast,  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe.

Libera me

Deliver mee from blude shedding,  
For blude betaking sinne:  
For punishment I serue condin g,  
Yet after thee I rin:  
Grant mee that I may with thee ring,  
And at thy port get in.  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe,

When shall my tongue thy righteousness  
Extoll and Magnifie,  
When gane is my greit sinfulness,  
And greit iniquitie,  
God for thy grace and gentilnes,  
Grant mee thy mercie,  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe.

My lippes, Lord, then louse thou shall,  
Whilke closed lang haue bene;

Haue mercie on mee God of might.  
From thy louing sair bound in thzall,  
Brekand thy sweet bedene:  
And keepe mee from ane sudden fall,  
For greit paine I sustaine,  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe,  
And then my mouth shall doe forth shaw,  
Thy louing glozious:  
And I shall cause all sinners know,  
Thy might so marueilous,  
And for a thine furth shall keepe thy Law,  
Whilke is so precious,  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe.

Quoniam si voluisses.

Wif thou had pleased Sacrifice,  
I suld them offered thee,  
Bot thou wilt nought sic auarice,  
For thou art wonder free  
And giues vs thy benefites,  
Thow Christs blude-freely,  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe,

Wint Sacrifice is na delite,  
Vnto thy Majestie,  
Thou curis nocht of it ane mite,  
For sinne to satisfie,  
For onlie Christ did make vs quite,  
Of all enozmitie,  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe,

Sacri

From



Häue mercie on mee God of might.

Sacrificium Deo.

Ane Sacrifice to thee pleasand,  
Is ane sweit humble hert,  
Unto the whilke I vnderstand,  
Thow doest the haill conuert,  
Therefore gude Lord let thy command,  
No way from mee depart.  
To thy mercy with thee will I goe,

Ane contrite hart doe not despise,  
God for thy greit mercie,  
Sen for thy grace so oft it cries,  
For succour and supplie,  
And it sall thanke ane thousand yse,  
Thy godly Majestie.  
To thy mercy with thee will I goe.

Benigne fac Domine.

To Syon Lord, bee gude againe,  
Efter thy godly will:  
And let thy louing there remaine,  
Thy promise to fulfill,  
For mount Syon with greit disdain,  
In thral is hidder till,  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe,

Jerusalem did get ane fall,  
Her wallis were made full law,  
For shee miskenned the God of all,  
And dayly brake his Law,  
But thow sall put her out of thral,  
When shee her God does know,

Haue mercie on mee God of might:  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe.

Tunc acceptabis

Then Sacrifice thou shalt accept,  
Of truth and righteousness:  
Conforming to thy true precept,  
And to thy gentleness,  
For no man then shall thou except,  
Into their need and stress,  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe.

Then Calves and burnt Sacrifice,  
Thy Altar shall replete,  
Then greater gloze and benefice,  
Thou shalt make for vs meet,  
Where day and night we shall not cease,  
By singing with Saints sweet,  
To thy mercie with thee will I goe.

A I R I S.

¶ Beati omnes qui timent:  
Psal. Cxxviii.

Blessed are they that sit in Gods dreid,  
And live in his commandement alway.  
Of thy hand-labour thou shalt eat, be not feid  
And fair weill thou shalt euery day.

Thy Wife shall bee as a fruitfull wine,  
And shall well increase thy house,  
Thy hairenes all shall to vertue incline,  
Like fair Olive trees that bee plenteous.



For loue of ane.

When euer thou sittest at thy Tabill,  
Thy bairnes shall stand round about thee,  
So will the Lord make thee abill,  
And fill thy house with honestie.

So shall the Lord him euer blesse,  
That dreids him aye in his leuing,  
Alway shall hee bee sicker of this,  
That is neidfull to want nothing.

For Hyen shall the Lord blis thee,  
That thou may see to thy greit weill,  
How prosperous Jerusalem shall bee,  
And thou receiued to great heill.

Ane profitabill life shall bee giuen thee,  
And God alway salbe thy freind,  
Thy childzens children thou shalt see,  
And peace in Israell shalt thou finde,

¶ I P S.

For loue of one I make my mone,  
Right secretlie,  
To Christ Iesu, that Lord most trew,  
For his mercie,  
Besikand that hee grant mee grace,  
For I bee gone,  
And to redresse my heavinesse,  
And all my mone.

For I bee deid, send mee remeid,  
For thy pitie:

O Lord whilke wrought all thing of nought,

Grant

For loue of ones

Grant mee thy mercie,  
Gee thee beseeke, with wordes meeke,  
O mercifull Lord,  
Thy humble word with an accord,  
Let bee restord,  
To sinners all when they doe call,  
For thy mercie.  
For whilke on the crosse, thou shed thy blode,  
Right plenteouslie -  
Sant John did tell, thou herest well,  
And shew mercie,  
One thousand scoze thou did restore,  
To thy glorie.  
O King of peace, in whome is grace,  
Abundantly,  
My miserabill life, and sinnes rise,  
Thou forgive mee.  
When be na right, I haue na might,  
Nee to defend:  
From helles paine, but giue thou paine,  
Nee succour sende.  
Be thy sweet word to mee, O Lord,  
In my destresse,  
One thousand yse, then shall I pryse,  
Thy halinesse.  
Let vs now sing, and loue our King,  
For his greite mercie,  
And his greite grace, that one vs the space,  
So plenteouslie,  
With an accord, let vs thanks the Lord,



VVho is at my windo:  
Right heartfully,  
With hert and spreit, sing psalmes sweete,  
As brether deir, in this life heir,  
Wee may indure:  
Both night and day, to Chzist let vs pray,  
To make vs sure.

¶ I I P I S.

**Q**Who is at my windo, who who?  
Goe from my windo, goe goe:  
Quha calles there, so like ane stranger,  
Goe from my window goe:

Lord I am heir ane watched mortall,  
That for thy mercie dois crie and call,  
Unto thee, my Lord, Celestiall,  
See who is at my window, who,

How dare thou for mercie crie?  
Sa lang in sinne as thou dois lye,  
Mercie to haue thou art not worthie,  
Goe from my window, goe.

My gilt gude Lord I will refuse,  
And the wicked life that I did vse,  
Traitt and thy mercie fall bee my excuse,  
See who is at my window, who,

To bee excused thou wald right faine,  
In spending of thy life in vaine  
Hauing my Gospell in greit disdain,  
Goe from my window goe.

Who is at my Window

O Lord I haue offended thee,  
Excuse thereof there can nane be.  
I haue followed them that sa teiched me,  
So quho is at my Window, quho.

Nay I call thee noght fra my dore I wis,  
Like a stranger that vnknauin is,  
Thou art my brother, and my will it is,  
In at my dore that thou go.

With right humble hert Lord I thee pray,  
Thy comfort and grace obtaine I may,  
Shaw me the path and ready way,  
In at thy dore for to go.

I am chief gyde to rich and poore,  
Shaw and the pathway right to my dore.  
I am their comfort in euery house,  
That in at my dore will go.

But they that walk an vther way,  
As mony did teich from day to day,  
They were indurit my Gospell did say,  
And far from my dore sall go,

O gracious Lord, comfort of all wight,  
For thy greit power and chief excelling might,  
Sen thou art gyde and very light,  
In at thy dore, let me go.

Nan I gaue thee noght free will,  
That thou suld my Gospell spill,  
Thou dois na gude bot euer ill,



Who is at my window.

Therefore from my doore that thou go,

That will alace hes me begyled,  
That will safarre hes me defyled,  
That will thy presence hes me exyled,  
In at thy doore let me go.

No blame that will thou does not right,  
I gaif thee restoun quhereby thou might  
Haue knawin the day by the dark night,  
In at my doore for to go.

O Lord, I pray thee with all my hart,  
Of thy greit mercie remuse my smart,  
Let ane drop of thy grace be my part.  
That in at thy doore I may go.

I haue spoken in my Scripture,  
I will the deid of na Creature,  
Quha will ask mercie sall be sure  
In at my doore for to go.

O Lord quhais mercy is but end,  
Quherein ought to thee I did offend,  
Grant me space my life to amend,  
That in at thy doore I may go,

Remember thy sin and als thy smart,  
And als for thee what was my part,  
Remember the speir that thirlit my hart  
And in at my doore thou sall go.

And it war zit to do againe,

O God be mercifull to vs.

Rather oz thou suld lye in paine,  
I wald suffer mair in certaine,  
That in at my dore thou might go,

I ask na thing of thee therefore,  
Bot lufe for life to ly in store,  
Giue me thy hart I ask no more,  
And in at my dore thou sall go.

O gracious Lord Celestiall,  
As thou art Lord and King Eternall,  
Grant vs grace that we may enter all,  
And in at thy dore let me go.

Quhe is at my Windo quho,  
Go from my Windo go,  
Cry no more there like ane stranger,  
But in at my dore thou go.

A I P I S.

Deus misereatur. Psal. lxxvii.

O God be mercifull to vs,  
And send to vs thy blessing.  
Thy face shaw vs sa glorious,  
And be euer to vs lusing,  
That men on eird may knaw thy way,  
Thy sauing heill and righteousness,  
That they be noght led night nor day  
Fra thy precepts and from iustice,  
To seik saluation quhair name is.



O God be mercifull to vs.

Therefore the pepill might magnifie  
O God all folke, and honour thy Name,  
Let all pepill reioyce gladlie,  
Because thou dois right without blame,  
The pepill does thou iudge trewly,  
And orders euery Natioun,  
Thou hes gouerned the eird iustly,  
Euer sen the first Creatioun,  
Thzow thy godly prouisioun.

The pepill man spread thy Name sa hie,  
All pepill (O God) men giue thee honoz,  
The eird allwa right plenteouslie,  
Not encrease euer more and more,  
And God quhilk is our God ouer all,  
Not do vs gude and plesour,  
God mot blesse vs great and small,  
And all the world him honour,  
Alway for his might and power.

A I P I S.

I Stillane mirthfull May morning,  
Quhen Phebus vp did spring,  
Waking I lay in ane garding gay,  
Thinkand on Christ sa free,  
Quhilk meikly for mankind,  
Tholit to be pynd.

On Croce cruelly, La.

La.

And how he hes me wrought,  
And formed me of naicht,

Like

Intill ane mirthfull.

Like his picture, that Lord maist sure,  
In eird he hes me support,  
Syne me to hald in right,  
Hes sent an Angell bryght,  
To be my comfort.

O Sathan fals vntrew,  
Nuhilk cruelly does persew  
With violence and greit defence,  
In eird to tempt mankind,  
With cruell sinnes seuin,  
The Saull to gyde from heuin,  
To hell for to be pynde. La. La.

Therefore (O gracious Lord)  
Nuhilk mercy hes restord,  
That sinfull wight destroy his might,  
Nuhilk wirks agains thy gloze,  
And send thy gracious word,  
Thy pepill may be restord,  
We pray thee therefore. La. La.

A I P I S.

All my hart ay this is my sang,  
With doubil mirth and ioy amang;  
So blyth as bird my God to sang,  
Christ hes my hert ay.

Nuha hes my hert but heuins King  
Nuhilk causes me for Joy to sing,  
Nuhom that I lufe attour all thing,  
Christ hes my hert ay.



All mine hart ay this.  
He is fair, sober and bening,  
Sweet, meek and gentle in all thing,  
Maist worthiest to haue louing,  
Christ hes my hart ay.

Foz vs that bliffit bairne was bozne,  
Foz vs he was baith rent and tozne,  
Foz vs he was crowned with thozne,  
Christ hes my hart ay.

Foz vs he shed his precious blude,  
Foz vs he was nailit on the Rude,  
Foz vs he in many battell stude,  
Christ hes my hart ay.

First him to lufe his Mother fair,  
With stedfast hert foz evermair,  
Scho bure the birch fred vs from cair,  
Christ hes my hert ay.

We pray to God that sittis aboue,  
Fra him let neuer our hart remoue,  
Foz foz no sudden worldlie loue,  
Christ hes my hart ay.

He is the loue of louers all,  
He cumis on him quhen we call,  
Foz vs he drank the bitter gall,  
Christ hes my hert ay.

Amen.

**M**ylife murnis foz me foz me,  
My lufe that murnis foz me:

My lufe murnis for me  
I am not kinde hes not in mind  
My lufe that murnis for me,

Quha is my lufe but God aboue,  
Quhilk all the warld hes wroght:  
The King of blisse my lufe he is,  
Full deir he hes me bocht.

His pzeious blude he shed on Kude,  
That was to make vs free:  
This sall I pzeue by Gods leus,  
That sair my lufe murnis for me.

This my lufe came from aboue,  
And bozne was of ane maid,  
For to fullill his Fathers will,  
Till fill furth that he said.

Man haue in mind and thou be kinde,  
Thy lufe that murns for thee.  
How he on Kude did shed his blude,  
From Sathan to make vs free.

A I R I B.

Tell me now and in quhat wise,  
How that I sold my lufe forga,  
Baith day and night ane thousand lise  
Their tyzannis waikens me with wa.

At midnight micke they will vs take,  
And into prizon will vs fling,  
There mon we ly quhill we forsake,  
The Name of God quhilk is our King.

Then



Tell me now

Then faggots man we burne o2 beir,  
O2 to the deid they will vs bzing:  
It does them gude to do vs deir,  
And to confusion vs down thzing.

Alace your grace hes done greit w2ang,  
To suffer tyzannis in sic sort,  
Daylie your Lieges till ouergang,  
That does but Christs word report.

Christ sen your grace wald cry ane cry,  
Out th2ow the Realme of all Scotland,  
The man that wald live faithfully,  
Ze wald him suffer in the land.

Then suld we outhet do o2 die,  
O2 els our life we suld lay for it.  
And euer to live in Charity,  
We Christ Jesu quhilk is our Lord.

Pluck vp your herts and make you bowne,  
For Christs word see ye stand for it,  
Their crueltie it sall come downe.  
We Christ Jesus quhilk is our Lord.

Thow King of glozy grant vs thy blisse,  
Send vs support and comforting,  
Agains our fais that bisse is,  
Thy theipe to stroy baith auld and young.

In houre of deid grant vs thy strength,  
Glaidly to thoil their crueltie,  
And that we may with the at length,

My Saull dois magnifie the Lord.  
Receiue thy joy Eternallie,  
A I P I S.

Magnificat anima mea.

**M**y Saull does Magnifie the Lord,  
My Spzeit rejoyces greitumlie.  
In God my Saviour and in his word,  
For hee hes seene the law degree  
Of mee his hand-maiden trewlie,  
Behald now after this day,  
All generations shall speike of mee,  
And call mee blessed alway.

For hee that is onelie of might,  
Hes done greit thinges vnto mee,  
And halie is his Name be right,  
As for his endlesse mercie,  
It indureth perpetuallie,  
In euerie generatioun,  
And they that dreids him vnfenzeitlie,  
Without dissimulatioun,

He shaws strentth with his arme potent  
Declares him selfe to bee of power,  
Hee scatters all men of proud intent,  
Euen for their wickit behaviour,  
Whilk reignes in their harts euery hour,  
Hee puttes downe the mightie  
From their hie estate and greit honour,  
Extolling them of law degree.



Christ thou art the light.

The hungrie hee seides with gude,  
And lets the rich ga emptie,  
When his owne people wants fude,  
They thinke vpon his greit mercie,  
And helpes his seruants ane and all,  
Euen Israel hee hes promesit,  
And to our Fathers perpetuall,  
Abraham and to his seid.

A I P I S.

Christus qui lux:

Christ thou art the light, but and the day,  
The mirknesse of the night thou puttes away.  
Wee know thou art the verie light,  
That shynes to vs both day and night.

O haly Lord we thee beseik,  
This night vs to defende and keipe,  
Thy rest and peace bee with vs all,  
Let neuer na euill thing vs befall.

Na heule sleepe noz deadly sinne.  
Let not our Enemy vs ouercome,  
Noz yet our flesh giue na consent,  
Grant vs our faultis for to repent.

Lord let our eie sume sleipe to take.  
Our hertes all time on thee may wake,  
Thy right hand keipe vs from all euill  
Thy owne seruant that loues full well.

Our defender to thee we pray,

Christ is the onely Sonne of God,  
All yre and malice thou put vs fra,  
Thy seruandes gouerne in the steid,  
For quhais ransoun thou did sair bleid

Haue minde on vs thou Lord Jesu,  
In this false world that is vnttrue,  
Thou art defender of our saull.  
Lord heir vs when wee on thee call,

Gloze be to God Father of might,  
And to Christ Jesus his Son so bright,  
The haly Ghost that is sa fair,  
Heipe vs this night, and euer more.

Amen.

Christ is the only Sonne of God,  
The Father Eternall:

Wee haue in Jesse found the rode,  
God and man naturall,  
Hee is the morning Star.  
His beemis send hee out hes far,  
Beyond other Sternis all.

Hee was for vs ane man borne,  
In the last part of time,  
Yet kepit shee her maid-heid vnfozlozne  
His Mother that bure him, syne  
Hee hes helles zettes broken,  
And heuin hee hes made oppen,  
Bringand vs life againe,  
Thou only maker of all thing,  
Thou everlasting light,

From



Christ is the onely Sonne of God,  
From end to end all reuoluing,  
Be thy owne godly might.  
Turne thou our hertes vnto thee,  
And lighten them with the veritie,  
That are far from the right.

Let vs increas in loue of thee,  
And in knowledge also,  
That wee beleuing stedfastlie,  
May in spirit serue thee so,  
That wee in hartes may fauour,  
Thy mercie and thy fauour,  
And traist efter no mo,

Awake, O Lord, wee pray thee,  
The holie Ghost vs giue,  
Whilke may our olde man mortifie,  
That our new man may liue,  
So will wee alwayes thanke thee,  
That shawes vs so greit mercie.  
And our sinnes does forgiue.

F I P I S.

Christ Iesus is ane A-per-C,  
And peirlesse Prince of all mercie,  
For hee from mee my sinnes hee tane,  
And is my Saviour allane.

To saue, bot he none is nor fall,  
I out take nane greit nor small,  
To him is no comparison.  
Hee is my Saviour allone.

Allone I weipe in greit distress,  
I sall him loue with constant hert  
And for no cause from him depart:  
But him to serue, mee I dispone,  
As to my Saviour allone.

So on his grace I will depend,  
Whill Lachesis draw mee to ane end:  
None leise my saull when I am gone,  
To reigne with threefold God in one.

I I R I S.

Allone I weipe in greit distress,  
Twice are exil it remedlesse:

And wait not why,  
Fra Gods word, allace, allace,  
Uncourteouslie.

Where that wee suld gladlie behalde,  
Our Saviour baith young and auld,  
So pleasandlie:

Now are wee banisht many fauld,  
Uncourteouslie,

They may our body fra thee bind,  
So can they not our hertes, and minde,  
Fixed on thee.

Howbeit wee be with dolour pinde,  
Mist cruellie.

Antichrist wee may thee call,  
From Gods words wald gar us fall,

Thy crueltie:  
Wald beneis us from pleasures all,  
Uncourteouslie.



The Lord sayes, I will shaw.  
Andurit Ignorance hes staine  
Thy heart, and put vs to greit paine,  
What remedie.

Sen wee are baneist from Chyist allone  
Uncourteouslie.

A I P I S.

**T**he Lord sayes, I will shaw,  
My will and eike my minde,  
Marke well my Scripture and my Law  
Wherein that thou sall finde:  
That with my Faith I make ane bow,  
And knittes it with ane knot:  
The trueth is so, I loue thee now,  
Be war I hate thee not.

It was my Fathers will,  
That I suld take the cure,  
For to come downe in earth thee fill,  
And take thy vyld nature.  
To cleith my precious body pure,  
So cleine from sinne and spot,  
For loue of thee I make thee sure,  
Be war I hate thee not.

I fand thee lost from blis,  
Thro' Adams sinne and pyrd,  
And quha sa euer wrought the mis,  
Was nane could finde remeid.  
Whill I my selfe did chose the deid  
To saue thee from the spot,

I loue

The Lord sayes, I will haue

loue thee well, serue mee in thy best,  
war I hate thee not.

all the gruous soze owes soze,  
suffered and paine,

my reward I aske no moze,  
at thy trew loue againe,

am ane Husbandman but with  
whilke labours soz my lot,

loue thee well, I make thee sure,  
war I hate thee not.

yoek is wonder twelt,  
as my burding light:

all that be with my grace repleat,  
all goe the way fall right,

am the rute of all mercie,  
thilk neuer fall fade noz rot,

in name thee loued, so well as I,  
war I hate thee not.

thee that sair does thairt,  
how byklenesse of the flesh,

come vnto mee when that yeldest,  
all your saullis refresh,

all vpon mee and I sall heire,  
to saue thee from the shot,

loue thee well, I cost thee best,  
war I hat thee not.

and and take gude keipe,  
them that comes to thee:



The Lord sayes, I will shaw.  
Into the habit of a sheepe,  
With subtill Sermons lye:  
For doubtles they were inwarte,  
False wolves under cote.  
Renounce their lawes, and come to mee,  
Trewly I hate thee not.

No man shall come to mee,  
Except my Father him draw,  
Nor see my Father in heauen so hie,  
But by mee and my law,  
Wherefore, O man print in thy minde,  
Thir wordes and this knot,  
And worke as my word does thee bind,  
Be ware I hate thee not.

I I P I S.

Griuous is my sorrow,  
Both at euin and morrow,  
Unto my selfe allone:  
Thus Christ makes his mone,  
Saying, Unkindnesse killed mee,  
And puts mee to this paine,  
Allace what remedie,  
For I would not refraine.

My Father was so moued,  
And with mankinde so grieved:  
Man was so wyld and nyle,  
And raging in all vice,  
That destroyed hee sould bee,

Then

Grevous is my sorrow

Then for man I take paine,

Alace what remedie,

For I wold not refraine.

Then forthwith for his sake,

I did his nature take

Within an Virgin pure,

As shalwes my Scripture,

Quhais unkindnes dois keill me,

And puts me to greit paine :

Alace what remedie,

For I wold noght refraine.

When I was but ane Child,

With my Mother maist milde,

The Jewes did me despise,

And euer maist surmise,

With unkindnes to keill me,

And put me to greit paine,

Alace what remedie,

For I wold not refraine.

They likit not my leuning,

Praying, fasting, nor repenting,

For when that they did slep,

Then did I sigh and weep,

That unkindnes suld keill me,

And put me to greit paine :

Alace what remedie,

Zit wold I not refraine.

Then at the last they take me,



Grevous is my sorrow

And all my friends forsake me,  
Bot my deir Mother alone,  
And my cousin Sanct Johne,  
Till unkindnes had killed me,  
And put me to this paine,  
Alace what remedie,  
Zit wald I not refraine.

First I was bettir lang,  
With scourges tharp and strang,  
And as ane fule mockit,  
Cuill tochtit and rockit,  
Till unkindnes suld heill me,  
And put me to that paine:  
Alace what remedie,  
I thocht not to refraine.

Then to ane Croce on hie,  
They naylit my bodie,  
And syne betwene twa theifs,  
They did me monie greifs,  
Till unkindnes did kill me,  
And put me to greit paine:  
Alace what remedie,  
I thocht not to refraine.

And when I warit dry,  
And for drink lang did cry,  
My comfort was bot small,  
To sup the bitter gall,  
Till unkindnes they servit me,

Grevous is my forrow

And put me to greit paine,  
Alace what remedie,  
Zit wald I not refraine.

Thus had I neuer rest,  
But with paines opprest,  
And with ane speir full sharp,  
They persit my tender hart,  
Sa that unkindnes kill it me,  
And put me to greit paine.  
Alace what remedie,  
Zit wald I not refraine.

For this my greit kindnes,  
He think of right doutles,  
Hans Sauld suld loue me best,  
Hen it my deid hes doest.  
Quhais unkindnes did keill me,  
And puts me to greit paine:  
Alace what remedie,  
I thocht not to refraine.

Gif ony ane be heir,  
That will buy luif sa deir,  
Noght with siluer nor gold,  
Bot with my blude behold  
Thy unkindnes hes slaine me,  
And put me to this paine,  
Behald this precious body,  
Thus most unkindly slaine.

O man whom I create,



Grevous is my sorrow

Why art thou sa ingrate,  
Seeing how I am spilt  
All only for thy gilt,  
And with unkindnes dois keill me,  
And puts me to this paine,  
Zit all thy villanie  
Can noght make me refraine.

What sorow could be more,  
Then to suffer so sore,  
Of them that knew my Lawes,  
And wist I gaue na caus,  
Unkindly thus to keill me,  
And put me to that paine,  
Allace what remedie  
Zit wald I noght refraine.

Father forgeue Caiaphas,  
Pylate, Anna and Judas?  
Pardon all Jewrie,  
That cryed Crucifige,  
Thoght unkindlie ze slew me,  
And put me to this paine:  
Zit there was na remedie,  
For I wald noght refraine.

My Soull in thy hands fre  
For my last will sall be,  
O Father I commit  
Into thy hands my Spair,  
Thoght unkindly I die,

Grevous is my sorrow  
And am put to greif paine,  
Zit for mans remedie  
I shall rise up againe.

I leif my Testament,  
My body in Sacrament,  
For mans Saull to support.  
And be his cheif comfort.

Thoght man unkindly haue left me,  
And slew me with greif paine,  
There is na remedie,  
My hart will noght refraine.

Go hert I thee bequeith  
To her that was my deith.  
Hans Saull is sho trewly  
My hart hir hart shall be,  
Thoght sho maist unkindly slew me,  
And put me to greif paine:  
Zit there is na remedie,  
My hert will noght refraine.

The lauds of the Lord trewly,  
Ze may sing merilie,  
For all our Saulls helth,  
In euerlasting welth,  
Thoght unkindlye ze slew my bodie,  
And did put me to paine,  
Ze may persauce dailie,  
My lufe dois noght refraine.

My Tombe is fresh and new



Greivous is my sorrow,  
In saving I was trew,  
To put mankinde fra dout,  
There sall be witten about,  
The Jewes King heir does ly,  
Whom unkindnes hes slaine,  
And soght na remedy,  
For he wald noght refraine.

O Father Imperiall,  
I pray thee in speciall,  
My deith mans Saul forgive,  
In heuin with me to live,  
Thoght unkindly scho keillt me,  
I wald scho had no paine,  
For I had leuer die  
For hir Saul anis againe,

Ane gentil admonition of Christ.

\* All pepill leirne of me,  
Gentilnes and piety,  
Remember my sober bodie,  
Sa woundit and blodie,  
Keill na man unkindly,  
With sclander noz with paine,  
Amend your faults ballie,  
And from all vyce refraine.

Finis.

I Ohne cum kis my now,  
I Johne cum kis me now:  
Iohne cum kis me by and by,  
And make no moze ado.

John cum kis me now.

The Lord thy God I am,  
What John dois thee call,  
John represents man,  
By grace Celestiall.

Foz John Gods grace it is,  
Quha list till expone the same,  
Oh John thou did amis,  
Whhen that thou lost this name,  
Heuin and eirth of noght,  
I made them foz thy sake,  
Foz euermore I thoght  
To my likenes thee make,

In Paradise I planted thee,  
And made thee Lord of all,  
My Creatures not forbidding thee,  
Pathing but ane of all;

Thus wald thou not obey,  
Foz zit follow my will,  
Bet did cast thy selfe away.  
And thy posteritie spill.  
My iustice condemned thee  
To euertlasting paine:

Man culd find na remedie,  
To buy man free againe.

O pure life and mere mercy  
Mine alwin Sonne downe I send,  
God become man foz thee,  
Foz thy sin his life did spend,

Thy attonement and peace to make,  
He shed his blood maist baly.



Iohne come kis me now  
Suffering death for thy sake,  
What could he do more for thee?

It pleased Christ without deface,  
For his Enemy to die,  
Suffering a spear to pierce his hart,  
The cause was thy folly.

Beleue this, Repent thy sin,  
His death haue euer in minde:  
Remission of sin lyes only therein,  
To thy Lord be neuer unkinde.

When he ascended he left behinde,  
His word to reide and heit,  
When Antichrist walkt thee blinde,  
That thou shuld giue him haire.

But when Satan was cast out of hell,  
And had set man in my place,  
All that he did thou thought it well,  
At him thou sought for grace.

Nothing regarding how of me,  
All thing had their Creation,  
Nor what Christ suffered for thee,  
To redeeme thee from damnation.

But the abomination of desolation,  
Thou sets in the haly place,  
Be Antichrists fals perswasion,  
My Sonnis passion to deface,

Wherefore my iustice mouit me  
My word fra thee restraine,  
And to thy last to giue by thee,  
To trust in things vaine.

John come kisse mee now,  
In mans warkes then thou did trust,  
Seeking health thou wilt not where,  
At thy death thou did mistrust,  
And sa fell in dispare.

When I did drave any to mee,  
By Gospell to professe,  
Thow did them slay right cruellie,  
Thinkand to doe mee service,

Thy service sall rewarded bee,  
With euerlasting paine:  
And all that hate my word and mee,  
Except they doe absteine

Thus when thou was in dangerous case,  
Readie to sinke in hell.

Of my mercie and speciall grace,  
I send thee my Gospell,

By Prophets call, my Preachers cry,  
John come kisse mee now,  
John come kisse mee by and by,  
And make no more a dow,

Ane Spreit I am incorporat,  
No mortall eye can see,  
Yet my word does intimate,  
John how thou must kisse mee,

Repent thy sinne unfeignitlie,  
Releue my promise in Christs death,  
This kisse of faith will iustifie thee,  
As my Scripture plainlie saith,

Make no delay come by and by,  
When that I doe thee call,



Lord let mee neuer bee confounded;  
Leist deith doe strike thee suddenly,  
And so come not at all.

Gif thou come nocht whill thou hes space,  
Bot my Gospell does contemne,  
I will take from thee my grace,  
And by my word thee contende.

Of all that come I will name reject,  
As a creature greit no2 small.  
For Chyistles sake I will them accept,  
And giue them life Eternall.

J I P I S.

In te Domine speravi. Psal. xxxi.

**L**ord let mee neuer bee confounded;  
That familie does confide in thee,  
Bot let thy justice eye bee grounded;  
With mercie to deliuer mee,

Incline thy reuthfull Cares in time,  
To mee that am in miserie,  
And from all sort of sinne and crime,  
Thou blessed Lord deliuer mee,

Be my defender God of grace,  
My gyde, my gouernour all thyre;  
And in thy hetinlie dwelling place:  
Of all refuge thou succour mee,

For sen thou art my strength and force,  
My hope, support and hail supplie,  
Be thy sweet Name, and deid on Croce,

Thou

Lord let mee neuer bee confounded,  
Thow sall by bying, and nourish mee,

Thow sall me gyd from girne and snare,  
And hid in secret where nane may see,  
For thow art keiper lait and aire,  
Protectour and defender of mee.

My Sprit I rander in thy handes,  
Eternall God of veritie:  
Whilke hes from bailful Banialls bandes  
Redemed and deliuered mee.

**I I P A S.**

**G**oe Heart vnto the Lampe of Light,  
Goe heart doe seruice and honour.  
Goe heart and serue him day and night,  
Goe heart vnto thy Saviour,

Goe heart to thy onely Remeid,  
Descending from the heauenly Motte,  
Thee to deliuer from pyne and deid,  
Goe heart vnto thy Saviour.

Goe heart but dissimulation,  
To Chyist that take our vile nature,  
For thee to suffer passion,  
Goe heart vnto thy Saviour.

Goe heart right humble and full meike,  
Goe heart as leill and true seruiture,  
To him that hailth is for all flesh,  
Goe heart vnto thy Saviour.

**Goe**



Our Brother let vs put in graue,  
Goe hert with trew and hault intent,  
To Christ thy helpe and hault succour,  
Thee to redeeme hee was all rent,  
Goe heart vnto thy Saviour.

To Christ that rose from dead to lyue,  
Goe heart vnto my latter houre,  
Dubais greit merrie can none deserue,  
Goe heart vnto thy Saviour.

F I P I S.

**O**ur Brother let vs put in graue,  
And na dout thereof let vs haue,  
But hee shall rise on Dome-se-day,  
And haue immortall life for aye.

Hee is of earth, and of earth made,  
And man returne to earth againe,  
Syne rise shall from the earth and ground  
When that the last trumpet shall sound,

The saull reignes with God in gloze,  
And hee shall suffer paine no more,  
For cause his faith was constantly,  
In Christes blude allenerly.

His painefull pilgrimage is past,  
And till ane end cummit at the last,  
Driand in Christes yocke full sweet,  
Bot yet is liuand in his Sprit.

The Saull leuis with God I say,  
The bodie sleipes whill Dome-se-day.

Our Brother let vs put in graue.  
Then Chzist fall bzing them both to gloze,  
To reigne wth him for euermoze,

In earth he had veratioun,  
But now he hes Saluatioun.  
Reignand in gloze and blisse but weir,  
And shines as the Sunne so cleire,

See faithfull therfore let him slep,  
And not like Heathen for him weip,  
But deiply pzent into your bzeist,  
That deid to vs approaches neist.

When cumming is our hour and time,  
Then wee must turned bee in slyme,  
And there is nane vther defence,  
Bot die in hope with patience,

Though pest or sword wald vs pzeuent  
Befoze our hour to slay vs cleine,  
They can nought pluke ane little haire,  
Out of our head, nor doe vs deare,

When fra this world to Chzist we wend  
Our wretched thort life must haue a end  
Changit fra paine and miserie,  
To lastand gloze eternallie.

Then fall our dayes thort and vaine,  
And sin whilke we could noght refrain,  
Ended fall bee our Pilgrimage,  
And brought hame to our heritage,



Musing greatly in my minde.

Christ for thy might and Celſitude,  
That for our ſinnes ſhed thy blude:  
Grant vs in fayth to liue and die,  
And ſyne receiue our ſaules to thee.

A I P A S.

**M**using greittlie in my minde,  
The follie that is in mankinde:  
Whilke is ſo bzukill and ſo blind,  
And downe ſall come, downe aye downe aye.

Leiuand moſt part in all vice,  
Prouther ſo gracious, noꝝ ſo wiſe,  
As out of wretchedneſſe to riſe,  
But downe to come, downe aye, downe aye,

And all this warld to weild thou had,  
Thy body perſite and properly made,  
Yet man as flour thou ſhall fade, and downe &c.

Though thou were euer Eternall,  
As man, that neuer ſold haue any fall,  
Yet doubtleſſe die thou ſall, and downe thou ſall.

Though thou were man neuer in thꝛall,  
Remember yet that die thou ſall:

Quha hieſt climmes, ge's greiteſt fall,

And downe ſall come, downe aye, downe aye.

Though thou were neuer of ſo greit degree,  
In riches oꝝ in dignitie:

Remember man that thou muſt die,

And downe ſall come, downe aye, downe aye.

There is

Pray God for Grace.

There is no King nor Emperour,  
Duke, nor Lord of greit valour:  
But hee shall faid as Lelie flour,  
And downe shall come, downe aye, downe aye:

Where is Adam: and Eve his wife,  
And Hercules, with his lang strife:  
And Methusalem with his lang life,  
They are all come downe, aye downe aye.

¶ I P S.

Pray God for grace, my loue most deare,  
Whilke bought vs with his pzeious blude;  
That wee him loue with heart intier,  
In wealth and want, be land and flude,

Aske, and haue, sayes the Lord,  
As giue, and giuen shall bee to you,  
What sweeter thing can wee recozd,  
For thy word Christ firmly to true,

Traist wee alswa baith aie and laie,  
With faithfull hope and esperance,  
Wee shall receiue after our stait,  
All iust desire but discrepance.

Therefore I thinke wee shuld reioyce,  
And now greit mirth make from the spleene,  
Sen wee are chosen to repose,  
In faith of Christ, and life serene.

Christ is our only succour in distress,  
Intill his grace quha does confide,



Downe by yond Riuer I ran,  
His grace, till him will aye increse,  
When worldly traist will fail at neid,  
F I P I S.

**D**owne by yond Riuer I ran,  
Downe by yond Riuer I ran,  
Thinkand on Christ sa sweet,  
That brought mee to libertie,  
And I ane sinfull man.  
Quha suld bee my loue but hee,  
That hes onely saued mee,  
And be his death mee wan:  
On the Croce so cruelly,  
Hee shed his blood abundantly,  
And all for the loue of man.  
How suld wee thanke that Lord,  
That was sa misericorde,  
By whom all grace began,  
With cruell paine and smart,  
Hee was persit throw the heart,  
And all for the loue of man.  
That gaue him in the Jewes handes,  
To brek bailfull Battails bandes,  
First when hee began:  
There gaue him selfe to die,  
To make vs Catiues free,  
Remember sinfull man.  
They spitted in his face,  
All for our loue, allace,  
That Lord hee suffered than,

Downe by zon Riuer I ran  
The cruell pains of deid,  
Quhilk was our haill remeid,  
Remember &c.

Loue we that Lord alone,  
Quhilk died on the thzone,  
Our sinnes to refraine:  
Praise him with all our might,  
Sing till him day and night,

The gloir of God and man.

Do all that thou art abill,  
Zit thou art vnprofitabill,  
Do all that thou can,  
Except thou washen be,  
With Christs blude allanerly,

Thow art condemned man.

And sa I make an end,  
Christ grant vs all to kend,  
And stedfast to remaine,  
Into Christs passion,  
Our only Saluation,  
And in nane vther man.

Amen.

**W**ith heuie hert full of distress,  
Lamenting my greit sinfulness,  
To thee O Lord quha may me cure,  
Gae rewt on me thy Creature.

The sicknes that is in my flesh,  
Thou may O Lord alone dispeish,  
And purge it clein and make it pure,



With heuy hart

And saue me thy Creature.

Foz in this seiknes I was bozne,  
And my forebearers me befozne:  
Our seiknes on thy back thou bure,  
To saue me Lord thy Creature.

This seiknes Lord it is the Sin  
That I was bozne and gotten in,  
Proceeding of my vyld nature,  
Zit saif me sinfull Creature.

Thou may me saif, thou may me spill,  
Baith life and deid lyes in thy will,  
Thou art the Chirurgian sure,  
That hailis all eirdly Creature.

Lord there is na Saluation,  
But in thy blisset Passioun,  
As witnes beiris the trew Scripture,  
Thou saifis all eirdly Creature.

And foz the same to mak remeid,  
Thou refusit noght to suffer deid,  
And mekill mair thou did endure,  
To saif me sinfull Creature.

To thee O Lord, therefore I call  
Foz thy remeid and ever sall,  
Quhill I be laid in Sepulture,  
To saif thy sinfull Creature.

Foz all thy trubill and the paine

Welcome Lord Christ

I neuer wrought sa gude againe,  
But was vnthankfull seruiture,  
Haue rebwth on me thy Creature.

Swia only thou gude Lord of peace,  
I me submit vnto thy grace,  
He of my seiknes thou may cure,  
And saif thy sinfull creature.

Finis.

**W**elcome Lord Christ, welcome againe,  
My ioy, my comfort, and my blis:  
That culd me saif from hellis paine,  
Bot onely thou, nane was, nor is.

Therefore I may right baldly say,  
Gif Christ, the quhilk hes me redzest,  
Be on my side, quhilk hes done pay  
My ransoun, quha can me molest.

Sen Christ now hes made me at ane  
With God the Father and did die  
To make me iust, to gloir is gone:  
Than quhat are they can condemne me?

Was neuer nane to me mair kinde  
Nor Christ therefore I will him praise,  
Onely with saull bodie and minde,  
My hope and traist haill in him lyes.

Bot that quhilk Scripture hes exprest,  
Ane Sacrifice Christ:anis therefore  
Offerit to God, quhilk smelled best



Welcome Lord Christ  
For my trespass, I seek no more.

My hart is then from Sin to ceis,  
And cleue to Christ quhilk hes suppress  
Sin, deith and hell, and maid my peace,  
Throw faith in him that I might rest.

A I P I S.

**O** Christ quhilk art the light of day,  
The clude of night thou drives away,  
The beame of gloze belevit right,  
Shawand till vs thy perfite light.

This is na night as naturall,  
Nor sit na clude materiall,  
Thou expels, as I heir say,  
O Christ quhilk art the light of day.

This night I call Idolatrie,  
The clude ouerspzed, Hipocrisie,  
Send from the Prince of all vncright,  
O Christ for till obscure thy light.

Quhilk twa hes had dominion,  
Lang ledand to destruction,  
The maist part of this world astray,  
Fra Christ quhilk is the light of day.

Turnand till Goddis Infinite,  
Puttand their hope and their delyte,  
In warkis inuented with the sight  
Of Sathan contrair to thy light.

O Christ quhilk art the light  
Sum makes Goddis of stocks and stane,  
Sum makes Goddis of Saints bane,  
Quhilk were they liuand heir wald say,  
Idolatrie do way, do way.

To vs giue nouthir laud nor gloze,  
O fulis gif ȝe speir quhairfoir:  
We had na thing throuw our awin might,  
Bot all we had throuw Christ our light.

To that exempill fall be Paull,  
At Listra quha refu sit all  
Maner of gloir and thus did say,  
Giue gloir to Christ the light of day,

Giue nane to vs we are but men,  
Mortall as ȝe, ȝour selfis may ken,  
O fulis quhairfoir take ȝe flight  
Kinnand fra Christ the perfite light.

Sum makes Goddis of Friers Caip,  
Thay monstours mot in gallous gaip.  
For they haue led vs lang astray,  
Fra Christ quhilk is the light of day.

Sum mumlit Aueis, sum raknit Creids,  
Sum makes Goddis of their Weidis,  
Quhilk wot not what they sing nor say,  
Alace this is an wzangous way.

¶ I P I S.

**V**ith hunts vp, with huntis vp,  
It is now perfite day:



O Christ quhilk art the light

Jesus our King is gane in hunting,  
Quha likes to spæd they may.

Ane cursit For, lay hid in Kor,  
This lang and mony ane day,  
Deuouring thæp, whilk he might cræp,  
Þane might him shape away.

It did him gude to laip the blude  
Of young and tender Lammis:  
Þane could him mis, for all was his,  
The young anis with their dammes.

The hunter is Christ, that hants in haist  
The hunds are Peter and Paul:  
The Paip is the For, Rome is the Kor,  
That rubbis vs on the gall.

That cruell beist he neuer ceist  
Be his vsurpit power,  
Under dispence to get our pence,  
Our Saullis to deuoure.

Quha could deuise sic merchandise,  
As he had there to sell,  
Unles it were proud Lucifer  
The great Master of Hell.

He had to sell the Tantonie bell,  
And Pardons therein was,  
Remission of sins in auld thæp skinnis  
Our Sauls to bring from grace.

With huntis vp  
With Buls of leid, white war and reid,  
And vther whiles with greene,  
Cloſit in ane box, this viſit the ſor,  
His peltrie was neuer ſene.

With diſpenſations and obligations  
According to his Law:  
He wald diſpence for money from hence  
With them he neuer ſaw.

To curs and ban the ſempill poore man,  
That had noght to flee the paine:  
Bot when he had payd all to ane myſte,  
He mon be absolved then.

To ſum God wot he gaue tot quot,  
And vther ſum plurality,  
Bot firſt with pence he mon diſpence,  
Or els it will noght be.

Kings to mary, and ſum to farie,  
His is his power and might,  
Wha that hes gold with him wil he hold  
Thoght it be contrair to all right.

O bliſſit Peter, the ſor is ane lier,  
Thou knawis weill it is noght ſa,  
Quhill at the laſt he ſalbe downe caſt,  
His peltrie pardons and all.

¶ I P I S.

**B**aneift is faith now euery quhair,  
And ſair forthinkes me,

Baneift



Baneist is Faith

Baneist is Faith now euery quhair,  
Be the shauin sort I now declair,  
Alace therfore my hert is sair,  
And blyth I can noght be.

Quhair we were wont to be right glaid,  
Furth of Captiuitie.

Where we were wont to go right glaid,  
Now haue they vs with chargis cuerlaid  
Whilk bene sa damnabill and sa sad,  
That blyth we can noght be.

They keep the key from vs alace,  
Whereby enter suld we,  
They keep the key from vs alace,  
And puts vs downe all merciles,  
We are ouerthrauin in euery place,  
That blyth we can noght be.

Rise vp I pray the now swæt Lord,  
And from their crueltie,  
Rise vp I pray the now swæt Lord,  
Defend vs according to thy word,  
Or we sall perish be fire and sword,  
That shawes the verity.

Finis.

**M**using greitly in my minde,  
The cruell kirkmen in their kind,  
Quhilk bene indurit and sa blind,  
And trowes neuer to come downe.

Thogh

Musing greitly in my minde.

Thought thou bæ Paip oꝛ Cardinall,  
So high in thy pontificall,

Resist thou God that creat all,

Then downe thou fall, &c.

Though thou bæ Archbishop oꝛ Deane,  
Chantour, Chanclair, oꝛ Chaplane,  
Resist thou God, thy gloze is gane,

And downe. &c.

Though thou flow in Philosophy,  
Oꝛ graduate be in Theologie,  
Yet and thou syll the veritie,

Then downe thou fall, &c.

Though thou bee of Religoun,  
The straitest in all region,  
Yet and thou glaike oꝛ gagoiun

The trueth, thou fall come downe?

Where is Choz and abiron?

Amnes Jambres and Dathan become,  
To resist God, whilke made them bounne

Are they nought all cummit downe

And where is Balaams false counsell?

Where is the Prophets of Iesabell,

And Bel's Preistes be Daniell,

Downe they were all, &c.

And many ma I culd you shaw.

Whilke of their God wald stand na aw  
Bot him resistit and his Law,

And downe, &c.

Their is na Kingdome noꝛ Emperour  
Erle noꝛ Duke of greit valur,

From



Musing greitlie in my mynde.  
Fra time yee knaw their false errour,  
But hee sall plucke them downe, &c.  
Ophni and Phenis gat no grace,  
Hely brak his necke, alace,  
And his off-spring put from their place,  
King Salomon put them downe, &c.  
And King Achab and Helyas,  
The false Prophets destroyed hes,  
And als the nobill Iosias,  
Put all these false Prophets downe, &c.  
Is there na ma: why said I all.  
Pet many thousand sall haue ane fall,  
Whilke halds Christer men in thzall,  
Princes sall put them downe, &c.  
Wald they na mair impung the trueth,  
Syne in their office bee not flueth,  
Then Christ on them suld haue sic rueth,  
That they suld nought cum downe,  
I pray to God that they and wee,  
Obey his word in vnitie,  
Thzow faith workand by Cheritie,  
And let vs neuer come downe, &c.  
A I P I S.

**T**he Withop of Hely brake his necke,  
Discherist of his benefice:  
Cause hee the Priestes wald not correct.  
Corruptand Gods Sacrifice,  
Sen our Hely in his office:  
Is like in pzeuaricatioun,

The Bishop of Hely  
Hee shall receiue sic like justice,  
Make hee not refozmation,

The Levites at their owne hands,  
They rest their teind and mekill mair,  
Expzeſſe against Gods command,  
Their huredome haited hee right sair,  
Therefore God send them sic cruell weir,  
They tint the field, the kirke was tane,  
Hely fell downe throʷ sudden feir,  
And brake his necke and coler bane.

Ophni and Phenis, your conscience remord,  
Amend your life, oʷ in the ffield,  
Hee shall bee flaine, and yee my Lord,  
Whilke hes the wytt that they are keild  
Helles iudgement shall bee your beild,  
And als your mortall enemies,  
Shall brake withoutten speir oʷ sheild,  
Your office euen befoze your eyes,

Foʷ your abuse may bee ane brother,  
To Pharis als like in similitude,  
As euer ane Egge was like ane other,  
Of Gods woʷd baith destitude,  
And greit God in Sanctitude,  
Quhais power hes nought tane an end,  
Shall send with that same fortitude,  
Siclike on you, except yee mend.

All the examples of the Law,  
Are wzitten with greit diligence,



The Bishop of haly.

Foꝛ our selues that wee stand awo,  
Of Gods hie magnificence,  
Of this wee haue experience.  
Of diuerse p̃tious round about,  
Foꝛ Ingles p̃elates, Dutch, and Dence,  
Foꝛ their abuse are ruttet out.

Refoꝛme in time leaue your tyrannie,  
First mend your life, syne learne to p̃eich,  
Thocht vagant f̃reirs faine wald lie,  
The trueth will furth and will not leich,  
Foꝛ euerie man does other teich,  
And counts nought your erneltie,  
Except yee mend, I will not fleich,  
Yee fall end all mischeuouskie.

• F I P I S •

I am woe foꝛ thir wolves so wylde,  
Whilke neuer will conuert,  
Their false indured heart,  
Sa lang the world they haue begyld,  
And baneist vs from Iesus Chyist,

Greit cause they haue foꝛ till repent,  
Yet will they nought doe so,  
Nowther foꝛ weill noꝛ woe.  
Their blynded minde can nought consent,  
That wee are only saued by Chyist.

Their subtill flightes now are spred,  
Be Chyist the veritie.  
Their false Hypocrisie,

Thro

I am woe for thir wolves wyld.

Wherewith all the world is now out cryt,  
Where with they baneist vs from Christ,

They bzunt and heryt Christen men,  
And flomit them full sair,  
They said, they did but erre,  
That spake of the commandements ten,  
Oured the word of Iesus Christ.

Heretikes they did vs call,  
Curst and vs night and day,  
The trueth durst no man say,  
Trew preachers were forbidden all,  
To shaw the word of Iesus Christ.

They baneist them in vncomth lands,  
Full many hunder myle:  
Where they in their exile,  
Learned better till vnderstand,  
The trew word of Iesus Christ,

Robill Lords of greit renoune,  
That fauours' aye the trueth:  
On your Saules haue ruth,  
And put the Antichristes downe,  
Whilke wold suppress the word of Christ.

Under collour of common weill,  
Their cloist subilty,  
And with greit crueltie,  
After they thinke to slay and keill,  
All that confesse the word of Christ.



I am woe for thir wolves sa wyld:  
For sa they thinke to bleir your eye,  
And syne at you to hunt,  
And doe as they were wont,  
And will exerce their tyzannie,  
On you, and all that loues Christ.

Scotland was neuer in harder cace,  
Sen Fergus first it wan,  
The Priestes woe may sair ban,  
Whilke hes the wyte that brake the peace,  
For to put downe the word of Christ.

Ane hundreth thousand they wald see,  
Zockit intill ane field,  
Under their speir and sheild,  
Bot with the wyues they wald bee,  
At hame to smoze the word of Christ.

Defend na mair thir wolves wyld,  
So full of cruelnesse,  
Their clokit halinesse.  
Baith men and wyfes sa lang hes yld,  
And are the verie Antichristes.

¶ I I P I S.

**A**llace unkindly Christ we haue exylid,  
And of their fude his flocke we haue begyled  
With vanities we haue them lang deluded,  
And in false beleife hes them included,  
And ever this was the blating of our Queir,  
Fathers of haly kirke this xvj. hunder zeir.

The

Alace vnkindle Christ.

The water of Life we gaue them neuer to drinke,  
Bot stinkand poules of euerie rotten linke,  
For haly Scripture alluterly we haue mocked,  
And with traditions of men we haue them zocked,  
And euer this was the blating of our Quier,

Fathers of haly kirke this xvj. hunder zeit.  
Man befoze God so long wee haue preferred,  
Whill wee see now almost that all is marrit,  
And God himselfe is greiued and displeased,  
And wee thereby are bot a little eased,  
Althocht it bee the blaiting of our Quier,

Fathers of haly &c.

Our blind desires sen wee may nocht fulfill,  
Welcome gude Lord full sair against our will,  
Yet nocht the lesse wee sall doe as wee may,  
And efter this luke for ane better day.

And yet sall bee the blaiting of our Quiers,

Fathers of halie &c.

Wee know as did King Saull our fatall fall,  
Yet whill wee die, Dauid persew wee sall,  
Suppose wee suld wAKE our selfe and tyne  
The feild, and all our kin bee hangit syne,  
Yet sall it bee, the blating of our Quier.

Fathers of haly, &c.

Let Moyles preich to Pharao as hee likes,  
Yet sall the people bee tozmented like tykes,  
And neuer sall depart from Egypt, gif wee may,

Wee sall bee cruellest on the hinneest day,  
When wee are drownit, wee sall blait on our belt,

Fathers of haly, &c.



Of the fire of purgatorie.

O cankered Carious, and yee rott en flakes,  
O stangand Edders, and O yee poysond Snakes,  
When yee will nocht change your indured will,  
Knawand your fault yet will continue still.  
Singing on guk, guk, the blaiting of your queir,  
False fathers of the haly Kirke the xv. yeere.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶.

O f the false fire of Purgatorie,  
As nocht left in ane sponke:  
Therefore sayes Gedoe, woes mee,  
None is Priest, Frier, and monke.

They reik sa wonder deir they salde,  
For money, gold, and landes,  
Whill halfe the riches on the molde,  
As seast in their handes.

They knew nothing but conetice,  
And loue of Paramours,  
And let the saules burne and bis,  
Of all their foundatours.

At Corps pzeence they would sing,  
For riches to flocken the fire:  
But all pure folk that had na thing,  
Was skaldit bane and lyze.

Yet sat they high in Parlement,  
Like Lordes of hie renowne,  
Whill now that the New Testament,  
Brought it and them brought downe,

And

Of the fire of Purgatory.

And thocht they snuffe at it, and blaw  
Ay whill their bellies ryue:  
The mair they blaw, full wel they knaw  
The mair it does misthryue.

¶ I A P I S.

**W** Ay is the Hirdis of Israell,  
That feids noght Christs flock,  
But dantily they feid them self,  
Synne does the pepill mock.

The silly shep was all forlozne,  
And was the wolfs prey,  
The Hirds teindit all the cozne,  
The shep culd get na stray.

They gadderit vp baith woll and milk,  
And take na mair cure,  
Bot cled them with the costly silk,  
And siclyke cled their hure.

Therefore sayis God, I will require,  
My shep furth of their hands:  
And give them hyzds at my desire,  
To teich them my commands.

And they sall nouther feid them selfe,  
Nor zit hunger my shep:  
I sall them from my kirk expell,  
And gif them swyne to keip.

¶ I A P I S.



God send euery Priest ane wife,  
**G**od send euery Priest ane wife,  
And euery Punne a man,  
That they may liue that haly life,  
As first the Kirk began.

Sant Peter quhom nane can repzuse,  
His life in mariage led,  
All gude Priests quhom God did luse  
Their marryit wyfes had.

Greit causis then I grant had they,  
Fra wyfes to refraine:  
Bot greiter causis haue they may,  
Now wyfis to wed againe.

For then sold nought sa many hure,  
Be vp and dolone this land:  
Nor zit sa many beggers pure,  
In Kirk and mercat stand.

And not sa meikill bastard seid  
Throw out this cuntrie saluin.  
Nor gude men vnouth fry sold feed,  
And all the suith were knawin.

Sen Christs Law and common Law,  
And Doctors will admit  
That Priests in that sock suld draw,  
Quha dar say contrair it.  
Finis.

**T**he wind blawis cald, furious & hald  
This lang and mony day:

But

But Chzists mercy we mon all die,  
Oz keep the cald wind away.

This win d sa keine, that I of meins,  
It is the vyce of auld,  
Our Faith is inclusit, and plainely abusit,  
This wind hes blawin too cald.

This wind hes blawin lang, the pepill among,  
And blinded hes their wit,  
The Ignozant pepill, sa lawit bene and febill,  
That they wot noght quhom to wyte.

Gods word and Lawis, the pepill misknawis,  
Ba credence hes the Scripture,  
Quha the suith dois infer, Priests say they erre,  
Sic bene their busie care,

Quha dois present, the new Testament,  
Quhilk is our Faith surely:  
Priests callis him like, ane Heretike,  
And sayis burnt sall he be.

This cryis on hie, the Spirituality,  
As nane them suld defy:  
But their illusion and fals abusion,  
The pepill dois now espy.

Quhom suld we wyte of this despise,  
That hid fra vs Gods Law:  
But Priests and Clarkis, and their euill works,  
Quhilk dois their God misknaw.



The winde blawis cald

Their greit extortion, and plaine oppression,  
Ascends in the aire,  
Without God punis their cruell vice,  
This world sall all forfair.

The theif Judas did greit trespass,  
That Chzist for siluer sold;  
But Priests will take, and his price make,  
For les be mony sold.

With wraung absolutions, and deceitfull pardons,  
For lucre to them given:

They blinde vs now, and gars vs frow,  
Sic will bring vs till hein.

Wif eirdly pardons might be our Saluations,  
Then Chzist died in vaine:

Wif geir might buy Gods greit mercy,  
Then fals is the Scripture plaine.

Wyne for our thore, he died therfore,  
And tholed paine for our mis:  
Is nane but he that may lurely  
Bring vs to heuins blis,

Then be na way, see that ye pray,  
To Peter, James, nor Johne:

For zit to Paull, to saue your Saull,  
For power haue they none.

Saif Chzist only that died on tree  
He may baith loose and bind,

In others mo gif ye traist so,

On how blawes cald the winde,

The winde blawis cald  
Now see ye pray baith night and day,  
To Christ that boght vs deir,  
For on the Rude, he shed his blude,  
To saif our Soules but weir.

F I P I S.

**H**ay now the day dallis,  
Now Christ on vs callis,  
Now welth on our wallis  
Appeiris anone:

Now the word of God rings,  
Whilk is King of all things;  
Now Christis flock sings,  
The night is nere gone.

Wo be unto you Hypocrites,  
That on the Lord sa loudly lies,  
And all to fill your foull bellies,  
Ye are noght of Christs blude nor bone,  
For ye preich your awn dremis,  
And sa the word of God blasphemis,  
God wot sa weill it seemis,

The night &c.

Wo be to you Phariseans,  
That rings like Capitans,  
And halds Christs men in many pains,  
Right carefull is their mone:

I traist to God ye sall deir buy it,  
Because your falsset now is spyt,  
And all Christen men sall cry it,

The night &c.



Hay now the day dallis.

Who be to you Paip and Cardinall,  
I traist to God ye sall get ane fall,  
With Monkis, Priests and Friers all,  
That traists noght in God alone:  
For all your greit pompe and pride,  
The word of God ye sall not hide,  
For yet na mair till vs be guide,

The night is nære gone.

Ze gart vs trow in stock and stone,  
That they wald help mony one,  
And noght till traist in God alone,  
I say ye lied euery one:

I wot Sanct Peter, nor Sanct Paul,  
For yet na Sanct can saue your Saull,  
Thoght mony leifings make mony bzaul

The night &c.

Ze serue to stricken be with rods,  
Because of Idols ye make Gods,  
For all your ioukis and your nods,  
Your harts is hard as any stone.  
Ze will not leif your Hypocrisie,  
Bot your desires is ay for to lie,  
And the feind away with you will flie,

The night is &c.

Ze begyled vs with your hudis,  
Shawand your relikes and your rudis,  
To pluck fra vs pure men our gudis.  
Ye shaw vs the heid of Sanct John,  
With the arme of Sanct Geill,  
To rotten banes ye gart vs kneill,

And

Hay now the day dallis  
And sauit vs from neck to heill,

The night &c.

Requiem æternam fast they patter,  
Befoze the deid with haly water,  
The lawit folks trowes the beuin will clatter,  
They sing with sic deuotioun,  
Ye say that saull ye sall gar sand,  
Bot and the money were neuer so scant,  
Ane penny of your wage you will noght want,  
The night is nêre gone.

Byne to you we mon offer  
Pounds and pennies furth of ane coffer,  
And lay it downe vpon the aulter,  
For the deid of that one,  
Animæ omnium ye will say,  
Byne cast the Corps in the clay,  
Then haue ye done all that ye may,  
Now the night is nêre gone.

¶ I P I S.

Priests Chzist beleue,  
And only traist into his blude,  
And noght into your warkes gude,  
As plainly Paull can prœue.

Priests learne to preich,  
And put away your Ignorance,  
Praise only God, his word auance,  
And Chzists pepill teich.

Priests cut your gowne,  
Your nukit bonet put away,

And



Priests Christ beleue  
And cut your tippit into tway,  
Go preich from towne to towne.

Priests take your staffe  
And preich the Euangell on your feit,  
And set on Sandels full meit,  
But cast your pantons of.

Priests keep no gold,  
Siluer nor cunze in your purs,  
Nor sit twa cotes with you furs.  
Bot thone to keep you from cald.

Priests thole to preich,  
Sen ye your self can preich na thing,  
Or we your brawling downe sall bring:  
And na mair with you flech.

Priests take na teind.  
Creep the word of God ye shaw,  
Thocht ye alledge your vse and Law,  
It is noght as ye weind.

Priests take na kyis,  
The vniuersall claith ye sall quite claime,  
Fra far pure bairnes with their dames,  
A vengeance on you cryis.

Priests burne na ma.  
Of wrong delation ye may heere,  
And fals witnes na mair inquire,  
And let abjuring go?

Priests all and sum  
Suld call ane counsell generall,  
And dres all things Spirituall,  
Bot there they will noght cum.

Preistes Christ beleue,

Preistes read and wryte,

And your false common Lawes let bee,

Where Papes contraire Scripture lie,

And contrair Doctoures wryte:

Preistes pryde zow nocht,

What your counsels does conclude,

Contrair the wryte and Chrystes blude,

The whilke so deir vs bocht,

Preistes curse no moze,

And now your heartes indure,

Not on your flockes take cure,

God sall curs yow soze,

Preistes leue your pryde,

Your Scarlat and your Veluete soft,

Your horse and Mules costly cost,

And Jak-men be your side.

Preistes sober bee,

And fecht not nouthur boist nor schoir,

Discreule the Realme and court no moze.

And to your Kirkes flee.

Preistes mend your life,

And leif your foule Sensualitie,

And byld stinkand Chastitie,

And ilke ane take ane wife,

Preistes pray no moze,

And Sanct Anthone to saue your Sow,

And to Sanct Bride to keipe your Cow,

That greiues God right soze.

Preistes worship God,

And put away Imagerie



Priestes Christ beleue,  
Your pardons and fraternitie,  
To hell the way and rod:

Priestes sell no Masse,  
Bot minister that Sacrament,  
As Christ in the New Testament,  
Commandit you expresse,

Priestes put away,  
Your paintit fire of purgatorie,  
The ground of your Idolatrie,  
It is neir Domes-day,

Priestes change your tune,  
And sing into your mother tung,  
Englis vsames and yee impugne,  
Yee dyne after noone.

Priestes prief yow men,  
And now defend your libertie,  
For France and for your dignitie,  
Yee brake the peace yee ken,

Priestes now confesse,  
How yee so lang did vs begyle,  
With many haly bellie wyle,  
To liue in idilnesse,

I yow exhort,  
Your office to doe perfitte,  
For I say nothing in dispite,  
So God mot mee support.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶.

Till

Till our Gude-man, till our Gude-man:  
Keip faith and loue till our Gude-man.

For our Gude-man in heuin does reigne,  
In gloze and blisse without ending:  
Where Angels singes euer Alan,  
In laude and praise of our Gude-man.

Our Gude-man desires threë thinges,  
Ane heart where fra contrition springs  
Byne loue him best our sauls that wan,  
When we were lost from our gude-man.

And our Gude-man that euer was kind  
Requires of vs ane faithfull minde,  
Byne cheritable bee with euery clan,  
For loue onely of our Gude-man.

Yet our Gude-man requires more,  
To giue no Creature his gloze,  
And gif wée doe, doe what wée can,  
Wee sall bee lost from our Gude-man.

And our Gude-man hée promiseist sure,  
To euery faythfull Creature,  
His greit mercie, that now or than,  
Will call for grace at our Gude-man.

Adame our fore-father that was,  
Hes lost vs all for his trespasse,  
Whais byuckle banes we may sair ban.  
That gart vs lost our owne Gude-man,



Remember man.

Pet our Gude-man gracious and gude,  
Foz our Saluatioun shed his blude:  
Upon the Croce where there began,  
The mercifulnesse of our Gude-man.

This is the blude did vs refresh,  
This is the blude vs that must vs wash,  
That blude that from his heart furth ran,  
Made vs free aires till our Gude-man.

Now let vs pray baith day and hour,  
Till Chzist our onely Mediatour:  
Till saue vs on the day that when,  
Wee sall bee judged be our Gude-man,

I I P I S.

**R**emember man, remember man,  
That I thy saull from Sathan want:  
And hes done foz thee what I can,  
Thow art full deit to me,  
Is was, noz sall bee none,  
What may thee saue but I allone,  
Onely therefore beleive mee on,  
And thow sall neuer die.

Colues, whom of my Euangelistes write,  
And Paull and Peter did of rite,  
Allace, haue now deceined quite,  
With false Hypocrisie.

My New Testament plaine and gude,  
Foz whilke I shed my precious blude:  
They hald foz Herisie.

Remember man.

And hes set bp their false doctrine  
for Couetise in steid of mine,  
With fire and sword defendes it syne,  
Contrare my word and mee.

The Antichrist is cumit bot dout,  
And hes yow trapped round about,  
Forth of his girne theretofore come out,  
Bif yee wald saued bee,

His Pilgrimage and Purgatorie,  
His worshipping of Imagerie,  
His pardouns and fraternitie,  
With zeill and good intent:

The quibilsperit sinnes called their confession,  
With his Preistes mumblit absolution,  
And many other false abusoun,  
The Paip hes done inuent.

With Messis sauld bee Preist and Frier,  
For land and money wonder deir:  
Whilke is the ground-stone of their Queir,  
And rute of all their pryde,  
His Water-noster bocht and sauld,  
His numbered Aveis and Psalmes tald,  
Whilke my New Testament nor my auld,  
On no wayes can abide.

Their haly hag matines fast they patter,  
They giue yow breid and selles yow water,  
His cursinges on yow als they clatter,  
Thocht they can hurt yow not.



Remember man.

Gif yee will giue them Caip or Bell,  
The cling thereof they will yow sell,  
Suppose the sault suld goe to Hell,  
They get nathing vnbocht,

They sell you als the Sacraments leuin  
They might haue made alsweill elleuin:  
Few, or money, od or euin:  
Your purses for to pyke.

Wald they let bot, twa visit bee,  
Of Baptisme and of my bodie.  
As they were institute be mee,  
Men wald them better like,

Marriage is an blessed band,  
Whilke I gaue men in my command,  
To keepe, but they my word withstand,  
Ane Sacrament it maid,  
Unto the uther Sacramentes fyue,  
Our saluatioun they ascryue,  
From my trew Faith & ow for to dzyue,  
In vaine to make my deid.

Their trifles all are made by men,  
Whilke my Gospell did neuer ken,  
My Law and my Commandements fen  
They hyd from mens eie:

By New Testament they wald keepe drowne,  
Quhilke suld bee preached from towne to towne,  
Cause it wald cut their lang tailit gowne,  
And shaw their lyue vncleue,

And

Remember man.

And now they are with dolour pinde,  
And like to rage out of their minde,  
Because from them wee are declinde,  
And will no lesings heir  
Therefore they make so greit vproir,  
Contrare the stocke of Chzistes stoir,  
Determit oz they will giue it ouer,  
To fecht all into feir,

Bot hald yow at my Testament fast,  
And bee no quibite of them agast,  
For I sall bring downe at the last,  
Their pride and crueltie,  
Then cleirly sall my word bee shawne,  
And their falsset sall bee knawne,  
That they into all landes haue satone,  
Be their idolatrie.

And ze sall liue in rest and peace,  
Instructed with my word of grace,  
For I the Antichrist desace  
hall, and true Preachers send.  
Repent your sinne with all your hert,  
And with true faith to mee conuert,  
And heuinlie gloze sall bee your part,  
With mee to bzuke but end,

Woe pray thee Chzist Jesus our Lord,  
Conforme our liues to thy Word,  
That wee may liue with ane accoord,  
In perfite Charitie.



Hay trix trim go trix,  
And forgiue vs our sinfulness,  
And cleith vs w th thy righteousness,  
Wth thy fauour and gentilnesse,  
Wee pray thee that so bee,

¶ I. P. I. S.

**T**he Paip that pagane full of pryde,  
Hee hes vs blinded lang:  
For where the blind the blind doe gyde  
So wonder both goe wraung,  
Of all iniquitie,  
Like Prince and King hee led the ring.  
Hay trix, trim goe trix vnder the greene-wood-tree  
Bot his abomination,  
The Lord hes brocht to light,  
His popish pride, and thersald crowne  
Almaist hes lost their licht:  
His plake pardones, are bot lurdons,  
Of new found vanitie,

Hay goe trix trim goe trix vnder. &c.  
His Cardinalles hes cause to mourne,  
His Bishops are bozne a backe:  
His Abbots gat an vncouth turne,  
When shauellinges went to sacke,  
With burges wifes they led their lines,  
And fare better than we,

Hay trix trim goe trix vnder &c.  
His Carmelites and Jacobinis,  
His Dominikes had great adoe,  
His Cordeleir and Augustines,

Saint

Hay trix, trim go trix &c.  
Sant Francis of ordour to,  
The silly Friers mony yeiris,  
With babling bleirit our Ce.

Hay trix, trim &c.

The Sisters gray befoze this day,  
Did crune within their closter,  
They seit ane Frier, their keyis to beir,  
The Feind restaue the Foster,  
Syne in the mirk, he weill culd wick,  
And kittill them wantonly.

Hay trix, trim &c.

The blind Bishop he could not preich  
For playing with the Lassis.  
The silly Frier behuist to sleech  
For almous that he assis,  
The Curat his Creid, he could not reid,  
Shame fall the company.

Hay trix, trim &c.

The Bishop wald not wed ane wife,  
The Abbot not perseuane,  
Thinkand it was ane lustie life,  
Ilk day to haue ane new ane,  
In euery place an vncouth face,  
His lust to satisfie.

ay trix, trim &c.

The Parson wald nocht haue an hure  
But twa and they were bonny,  
The Vicar thocht he was pure,  
Behuist to haue as many,  
The Parish Priest that bzutall beist,



Hay trix, trim go trix.  
He polit them wantonly.

Hay trix, trim &c.

Of Scotland well, the Friers of Faill,  
The limmery lang hes lastit,  
The Monks of Melros made gude kail,  
On Fryday quhen they fastit.  
The silly Punnis, cast vp their bunnis,  
And heisit their hippes on hie,

Hay trix, trim &c.

Of late I saw thir limmers stand,  
Like mad men at mischief,  
Thinkand to get the vpper hand,  
They luke after relief.  
Bot all in vaine, go tell them plaine,  
That day will neuer be.

Hay trix, trim &c.

O Jesu gif they thocht grit glæ  
To see Gods word downe smozit,  
The Congregation made to flæ,  
Hypocrisie restozed.  
With Hellsis sung, and bellis rung,  
To their Idolatrie,  
Mary God thank you, we sall gar bzank you  
Befoze that time trewly.

Finis.

Say weill is thzoughly a worthy gude thing,  
Of say weill, greit vertew forth does spzing,  
Say weill from do weill differs in letter,  
Say weill is gude, bot do weill is better.

Say

Say weill and do weill

Say weill is repute be man sum deale,  
Bot do weill only to God does appeale,  
Say well sayis godly, and mony does please,  
Bot do well liues godly, and does the world ease.  
Be saying weill mony to Gods word cleuis,  
Bot for lack of do weill it quickly leuis:  
Bot gif say weill, & do weill were toynt in a frame,  
All were done, all were won gotten were the game.  
Say weill in danger of deith is cald,  
Do weill is harneist and wondrous bald:  
Then say weill for feir sall trembill and quake,  
Do weill sall be sound, and jolly cheere make.  
Say weill is slipper and makes mony wyles,  
Do weill is firmly without any gyles:  
Quhen say weill at sumtimes sall be brough base,  
Do weill sall triumph in every place.  
Say weill to silence sumtime is bound,  
Do weill is free in every sound:  
Say weill hes friends baith here and there,  
Bot do weill is welcome everywhere.  
Say weill many things in hand does take,  
Do weill ane end of them does make:  
Quhen say weill with mony is quite down cast,  
Do weill is trusty and will stand fast,  
Say weill himself will sometime auance,  
Bot do weill does nouthir feir nor prance:  
Bot do weill does profit this world more  
Then say weill and his ane hundred score.



Knawe not God omnipotent.

Say weill in words is wondrous trick,  
But do weill in deeds is nimble and quick,  
Lord quick and trick together knit,  
And sa sall they pipe a merry fit.

Say weill mony will be sa kind,  
Bot do weill few will vnto their friend,  
May say weill than do weill, I tell you in need,  
But do weill is mair honest in time of need.

Finis.

**K**nawe ye not God Omnipotent,  
He create man and made him free,  
Quhill he bzake his Commandement,  
And eit of the forbidden tree,  
Had not that blisit bairne bene borne,  
Sin to redyes,  
Howzies your lives had bene forlozne,  
For all your Yes.

Sen we were all to sin made sure,  
Thro Adam's inobedience?  
Sane Christ there was na Creature  
Made Sacrifice for our offence,  
There is na Sanct may saif your saull,  
Fra the transgres:  
Suppose Sanct Peter and Sanct Paul,  
Had baith said Yes.

Knawing there is na Christ but ane,  
Quhilk rent was on the Kude with rods  
Why geue ye gloze to stock and stane

Hay trix trim go trix.  
In worshipping of vther Gods:  
Thir Idols that on Altars stands,  
Ar fenzeitnes:

Ze gat not God amang your hands,  
Dumling your Mes.

And sen na Sanct your saull may saif  
Perchance ye will speir at me than:  
How may the Paip thir Pardons haif  
With power baith of beist and man  
Throw nathing but ane fenzeit Faith  
For halynes:

Invented wayes get them graith,  
Like as the Mes.

Of mariage you made you quite,  
Thinking it thzaldome to refraine:  
Wanting of wyfis is appyete,  
That courage might increas againe.  
They hony lips ye did persew.

Grew gall I ges:  
Thinking it was contrition trew,  
To dance ane Mes.

Gif God was made of bits of bzeid,  
Cit ye not owkely far oz seuin,  
As it had beene ane mortall feid,  
Quhill ye had almaist hervit beuin.  
Als mony Devils ye mon deuoure  
Quhill hell grow les:

Or doutles we dar noght restoze  
Zow to your Mes.



Knaw ye not God Omnipotent,

Wif God be transubstantiall,  
In bzeid with hoc est corpus meum:  
Why are ye sa bnnaturall,  
To take him in your teeth and fla him,  
Ttripartit and deuided him

At your dum dresse:

But God knaues how ye gydit him,  
Humling your Messe.

Ze parted with dame pouerty,  
Tuke property to be your wife,  
Fra Charity and Chastity  
With lechery ye led your life.  
That raisit the mother of mischief

Zour greedinesse:

Belæuing ay to get relief  
Foz saying Messe.

O wicked baine Weneriens.

Ze are noght Sants (thogh ye seem haly,  
Proud poysoned Epicuriens,  
Dubilk had na God but your awin belly,  
Belæue ye Lownes the Lord allowes

Zour idlenesse:

Lang oz the smæt come ouer your bzowes  
Foz saying Messe.

Had not your self begun the weiris,  
Zour kepills had bene standand zit  
It was the flattering of your Friers,  
That euer gart Sant Francis sit,

Ze

Knaw ye not God Omnipotent,  
Ze grew sa superstitious  
In wickednesse:  
It gart vs grow malicious,  
Contrair your Messe.

Your Bishops are degenerate,  
Thocht they be mounted vpon Mules,  
With huredome clæne effeminate:  
And Friers oftines præuis sules,  
For Duffist and Bob at euin,  
Do sa incresse.  
Hes driuen sum of them to tein,  
For all their Messe.

Christ kēp faithfull Christians  
From peruerst pride and Papistry:  
God grant them true intelligence  
Of his Law word and verity,  
God grant they may their life amend.  
Synne blisse possesse:  
Throw Faith in Christ all that depend,  
And noght on Messe.

Syn Messe is nathing els to say,  
Bot ane wicked inuention,  
Without authority or Ray,  
Of Scripture or Foundation.  
Gif Kings wald Messe to Rome hence driue,  
With hastinesse:  
Suld be the meane to haue belyue  
An end of Messe.



Anc diffwasion from vaine lust

**V**V As not Salomon the King,  
To misery by women brough,  
Quhilk wisdome out of frame did bring  
Till he maist wickedly had wrought,  
A thousand women he did keep,

Alace alace:

Quhilk drownit him in sin sa deip,  
As come to pas.

Was not Paris maist wickedly  
Be Venus led to Helens lust:

Foz quhilk sin and adultery  
The plagues of Troy were after iust.  
The sturdie stormes he did indure.

Alace alace:

His lasting wife was nothing sure,  
As come to pas.

Thogh Troilus Cressed did enioy,  
As Paris Helene was likewise:

Zit liued he noght lang in Troy,  
But that fortune did him despise.  
Wha wald then work accordingly

Alace alace:

Sic plesure brings misery.

As come to pas.

Thogh Quid feyne that Leander  
Adventured mekill his lufe to gains:

Zet does the Poet Meander  
Aduertise vs foz to refraine,  
Foz lasting life is nathing stayd.

Alace alace,

Ane drifwanton from vaine lust,  
Like man therefore may bee afraide,  
Whilke is bot grace.

What sall wee say to Paramours,  
His watched woe did him assaill:  
His end indeid was doloious,  
When foolish frensie did preuail.  
What wise man wald his fact commend  
Alace, alace,

Whilke brocht his life vnto ane end,  
As come to passe.

Thocht Hercules for Erjonye,  
A mightie monster did subdew,  
Yet ended hee in miserie:  
Gif Poets fayning may bee trew  
His minsing mate Abderitus.

Alace, alace:  
Ane deith sustenit maruellous,  
As come to passe.

Anaretus some doe say,  
Entysed Iphis outwardlie,  
And then withdrew her loue away,  
And hee himselfe slew wilfullie,  
Traist the vntraistie quha that will,  
Alace, alace:

For sic my selfe I will not kill  
As his lust was.

Thocht Jupiter transformed him,  
Alcumena to defile,  
The fenzeit goddes they scorned him:  
For like offence within a while,



Ane dissuatioun from vaine lust,  
For when hee lay in Venus lap,  
Alace, alace:

Vulcanus tuke him in a trap,  
As came to passe,  
Thus bewtie bzeids bitternesse,  
And bzinges bail to many man,  
Quba is led be wiifulnesse,  
Shall feill the force of bewtie then,  
For some being taken in the traine,  
Alace, alace:

Are led to penurie and paine.  
As came to passe.

Thocht Cato prince of prudent price:  
In welthie state did lang remaine,  
Yet be the chance of Fortunes dyce,  
Hekill miserie hee did sustaine,  
His wedded wife did wirke him woe,  
Alace, alace,

Hekill mair thir beistes whilk come and goe  
Passe and repasse.

Liberius the Emprour,  
By his Wifes greit adulter'e:  
Lost his pompe and puissant power,  
Ending his life in miserie,  
Theis well therefore lest yee doe,  
Alace, alace:

Let thir and others at this day,  
Bee as thy glasse.

Althocht Marcus Antonius,  
Was sene in Cosmographia,

Ane diſſwaſioun from vaine luſt.

Yet was his end moſt doloꝝous,  
By that false Harlet Faufina,  
Take heid therefoꝛe, of this be war,  
Alace alace:

Bee thou not ſnared in Venus ſnare,  
In any cace.

Althocht Sertus Tarquinius,  
Defyled chaiſt Lucreſia,  
Hee and his Father Superbus,  
From Rome were baniſhed away,  
Ane juſt reward foꝛ like offence,  
Alace, alace:

Like puniſhment foꝛ like offence,  
Oft comes to paſſe.

Thocht ſubtil Sardanapalus,  
A Prince were picht to rule and reigne,  
Yet were his factes ſo lecherous,  
That euerie man might ſo them plaine,  
At Babylon hee did deſire,  
Alace alace,

To ſet the haill Caſtell on fire.

Where bzunt hee was,  
Ptholomeus Philopater,  
The mightie King of Egypt land,  
Beand a mighty conquerour,  
His luſt vnto a Clench did ſtand,  
His weded wiſe hee put to death,  
Alace, alace:

Thus Princes oftims ſpend their bzaitth,  
As came to paſſe.



Examples taken out of the Bybill,  
Whiseo likewise the lecherous,  
Whilke children be his Sister had,  
That gat Heliogabalus,  
Whaes life in lust was spend too bad,  
Defiling Maide and Wife also,  
Alace allace:

Harlots with him might ride and goe,  
Where hee did passe.

Althocht Caius Caligula,  
All his owne Sisters did defile:  
And thought himselfe in quyet stay:  
Possessing pleasure for an while,  
Yet his men did his death conspyre,  
Alace, alace:

This wretched man hee had his hyre,  
As came to passe.

Exampils taken out of the Bybill.

With Bybill matters to begin,  
Histories many wee may find  
How lusting loue that lothsum sinne,  
The open eyes of some doe blinde,  
Though Sichem Dina had defilde,  
Alace, alace:

Baith hee and Heymo were begyld,  
As came to passe,

Did not daintie Dalilay,  
The mightie Sampson bring to nought,  
When hee his secreit heid did way,  
In Venus snars shee had him caught,

Did

Exampillis taken out of the Bybil.

Did not Apame in like case,

Alace, alace,

Straik that greit King vpon the face,

As came to passe.

Thocht Amon did his mind fulfill,

Vpon his Sister Thamar deir,

Yet Absolon his blude did spill,

Shortly efter as does appeare:

Thocht Dauid was the Lords Chet,

Alace, alace,

With Bethsaba hee was infect,

As came to passe,

Thocht Holofernus lusted lang,

To haue to doe on Iudethis bed,

His lusting life did happen wzang,

And she did sone stryke off his head,

What wyne and woman doe now see,

Alace, alace:

Walke and wander with modestie,

In any case.

Thocht Judas did with Thamar ly,

Whilke was his Doughter be the Law:

The Genesis does testifie,

Iust Iosphees gude and godly aw,

When his Lords wife would him constrain,

Alace, alace:

Hee made her purpose haillely vaine,

As came to passe.

Of him let vs example take,

And neuer thinke on Cupides dart:



All my loue leife mee not,  
Venus can nouthur mar noz make,  
Gif vnto God wée joyne our heart,  
And leif this airt of langing lust:

Allace, allace.

And in the Lord haue hope and trust,  
Whilke is and was.

A I P I S.

**A**ll my Loue leife mée not,  
Leif mée not, leif mee not,  
All my Loue leif mée not,  
Thus mine allone,  
With ane burding on my backe,  
I may not beir it I am so waik,  
Loue, this burding from mée take,  
Or else I am gone.

With sinnes I am laden sair,  
Leif mée not, leif me not,  
With sinnes I am laden sair,  
Leif mée not allone:  
I pray thee, Lord, therefore,  
Keepe not my sinnes in stoze,  
Lose mée or I bee forlozne,  
And heir my mone.

With thy hands thou hes mee wrocht  
Leif mee not, leif mée not.  
With thy handes thou hes mee wrocht,  
Leif mée not allone,  
I was sauld and thou mée bocht,

With

All my loue leif mee not,  
With thy blade thou hes mee cost,  
Now am I hiddersocht,  
To thee Lord allone,

I cry and I call to thee,  
To leif mee not, to leif mee not,  
I cry and I call to thee,  
To leif mee not, allone,  
All they that laden be  
Thow biddest them come to thee,  
Then shall they saued bee,  
Thow thy mercie allone.

Thou saues all the penitent,  
And leifes them not, and leifes them not,  
Thou saues all the penitent,  
And leifes them not allone,  
All that will their sinnes repent,  
None of them shall bee shent,  
Suppose thy bow bee readie bent,  
Of them thou killes none,

Faith, Hope, and Charitie  
Leif mee not, leif mee not,  
Faith, Hope, and Charitie,  
Leif mee not allone:  
I pray thee, Lord, grant mee,  
Thir godly giftes thre,  
Then shall I saued bee,  
Dout haue I none.

To the Father bee all glorie,



Of the day of Iudgement,

That leifes vs not, that leifes vs not,

To the Father bee all gloze,

That leifes vs not alone,

Honne and haly Ghost, euer moze,

As it was of befoze,

Thro' Christ our Sauour:

Wee are saife euerie one.

F I P I S.

Of the day of Iudgement.

**A**ll Christian and faithfull in heart be joyfull,  
Rejoyce and make gude cheir,

Bee mirrie and glad, and bee no moze sad,

The day of the Lord drawes neir.

Under protestatioun, with liue and correctioun,

That none bee offended heir:

I will speake plainlie, to raise your heartes quickly,

The Day of the Lord drawes neir.

All Paipes and Prelates and spirituall estates,

That thinkes yee haue no peir.

Cast away your warres, your princelie effairs,

The day of the Lord drawes neir.

O Herdes of Israel, heare yee the Lordes Bell,

Knelland fast in your Eir,

Whilk biides in plaine, leue your trifflis vaine,

The day of the Lord drawes neir,

Persons that hes cure to preich unto the pure,

Ye haue your wages too deir:

The

## Of the day of Iudgement.

The layit ye will not teich, noz zit Gods word will  
The day of the Lord drawes neir. (preich)

I will you exhört, in termis right shozt,  
Baith Priest, Channoun, Monk, and Frier,  
To slack of your sleuth, and shaw furth the treuth,  
The day of the Lord drawes neir.

And ye brethren all, Ecclesiasticall,  
Serue your Lord God in feir,  
Leue your ceremonies of your awin fund gyse,  
The day of the Lord drawes neir.

Your costly reparations, your offerings & oblations,  
Your curious notes in the queir,  
On the day of dreid sall stand in littill steid,  
When the Lords sentence drawes neir.

Princes and Kings, that sa Kyall rings,  
That suld haue all rule and steir.  
Do justice equall, baith to greit and small,  
The day of the Lord drawes neir.

On the poore commons, suffer no oppzessions,  
Bot humbly their plaints heir,  
With extreme Justice, trespassours punish,  
The day of the Lord drawes neir,

Syne with your sword, let furth Gods word,  
Our heuinly mirroure cleir,  
And anker you sure on haly Scripture,  
For the day of the Lord drawes neir.



All Christin and Faithfull

Erles, Lords and Barons, hurt not your commons  
In body, gudeis, nor geir:  
Do ye the contrair, your houses will misfair,  
The day of the Lord drawes neere.

Be true to the Crown, defend your Region,  
That your forbears cost sa deir,  
And euer haue Eye, vnto your libertie,  
The day of the Lord drawes neir.

I cry in generall, on Spirituall and Tempozall,  
This lection that ye leir:  
Remember alwayes, that short be your dayes,  
The day of the Lord drawes neir.

That day sall horribill be and eik terribill,  
Quhen that iust Judge sall appeir:  
In his burnand yre, to judge the world with fire,  
The day of the Lord drawes neir.

At ane Trumpet blast we sall be all agast,  
Heuin, hell, eird sall it heir.  
None stand befoze the Judge without ony refuge,  
The day of the Lord drawes neir.

We sall giue rekning of our liuing,  
We haue spende in all maner,  
As we haue deserued, sa sall we be serued  
The day of the Lord drawes neir.

That day the faithfull sall be right joyfull,  
Befoze Christ quhen they compeir,  
Bot the vnfaithfull, sal be right wofull,

When

All Christin and Faithfull  
When the Lords sentence drawes neir.

To vnbeléeuers all, this sentence giue he sall  
With Ire and awfull cheir,  
Passe ze to the hell with Deuils to dwell,  
The heuin ye sall neuer cum neir.

The Just sall all stand, euen at his right hand,  
Defended from all danger:  
To whom he sall say, right sweetly that day,  
The sentence quhilk drawes neir.

Cum heir my Elect, and my awin sweet Sect,  
Zour hyze sall not be in weir,  
Baith Soull and body, in heuin Eternally,  
They sall dwell with me right neir.

Quhairfoze I do call, on all men mortall,  
To rise and be neuer sweir.  
Bot euer beware of the wofull snare,  
The day of the Lord drawes neir.

Awake ay and pray baith in night and day  
To Christ that bought vs all deir.  
To be our Mediatour in that fearefull hour,  
When the day of the Lord drawes neir.

Finis.

Benk in this Mirrour man and mend,  
For heir thou may thy exempill see,  
To all mankind it is weill kend,  
That euer come hidder, that he mon die  
And fra this dome he may not flee.



Blenk in this Mirrour.

Suppose ze haue land and gold to spend,  
Array you oll, and reddy be.

Blenke in this Mirrour man and mend.

Heir is the resoun quha likes to reid,  
This day thou was ane King with Crown,  
The mozne cummis deith withoutten dreid,  
Commands thee to his prisloun,  
Right suddenly he drawes thee down,  
Thou wait's that thou mon with him wend,  
Therefore leif weill, be reddy boun,  
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend.

There is nane in state so hie,  
Prince, King, nor Emperour,  
Fra this down ane fute may flee  
For all his gold and his valour,  
Therefore thou blenk in this mirrour,  
That is graciously to thee send,  
Think on the swæt, and als the sour,  
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend.

Behald now to thir men of might,  
That mekill hes, and wald haue mair,  
And to their sembling take gude sight  
How that they passe away sa bair,  
And set not by how that we fair,  
That winnes all that they spend,  
Right busilie baith lait and air,  
Blenk in this mirrour man and mend.

Sen thou wots thou mon passe,

And

Blenk in this Mirrour  
And thou wot nouthir when nor where,  
And thy body sall turne in asse,  
That thou now feds vp sa fair,  
Confesse thy sinnes lesse and mair,  
Unto thy God, or thou hyne wend,  
And till him leine for evermair,  
Blenk in this Mirrour man and mend.

I I P I S.

**O** Man rise vp and be not sweir,  
Prepare agains this gude new zeir  
My new yeir gift thou hes in stoze,  
Sen I am he that cost thee deir,  
Gif me thy heart I ask no moze.

Gif me thy hart for I suld haue it,  
It is my right therefore I craif it,  
To win the samin I sufferit soze,  
And now am I reddie to ressaue it,  
Gif me thy hart I ask no moze.

I am the Lord made thee of noght,  
Like my awin Image hes thee wzoght,  
Thee to all frelage I did restoze.  
Sen my hart blude thy hart hes boght,  
Gif me thy hart I ask no moze.

I come in eird, and there did dwell,  
I send na message but my sell,  
Thee to relieue of deidly soze,  
Sen I haue fred thee from the hell,  
Gif me thy hart I ask no moze.



Blenk in this Mirroure

I haue thee freed from all thirlage,  
And hes prepared thine heritage,  
Where deith sall neuer thee deuoure,  
And now am cummin to craue my wage  
Gif me thy hart I ask no moze.

Be ware I am ane jelous God,  
I am na Image, stock nor wood:  
Therefore giue nane of thay my gloze,  
Sen I to heuin mon be the rod,  
Gif me thy hart I ask no moze.

Let be thy sculptill honours vaine,  
Whilks are confounded and prophane,  
And swa are all does them adore,  
As testifies Dauid in Scripture plaine  
Gif me thy hart I ask no moze.

Sen this last yere thou hes offended,  
Contrair my Law thy life hes spendit,  
My mercyis redde yet as of befoze,  
In this new yere all may be amended,  
Gif me thy hart I ask no moze.

I I I I I.

O Man behald this warldis vanities,  
The joy of it I wot is fantasies:  
Therefore be war, my counsell now it is,  
Be glad in God, for doutles thou mon die.

Think thou art cum, and wait not when to passe,  
Think thou mon change, and wot not where to be.  
Think

Sen throw vertue increffes dignity

Think why thou cum, & quhat thy erand was,  
Be weill auyfit for doutles thou mon die.

Anise thee weill. quhill thou hast time and space,  
Crampill take dayly as thou may see.  
When death cummis there is na uther grace,  
But yælo thee than, for doutles thou mon die.

Zeild thee to God with humbill heart contrite,  
In Charity lufe as thou wald lufit be,  
Gif thou wald liue without this warldis despise,  
Remember on this, for doutles thou mon die.

Remember vpon thy God Omnipotent.  
That is and was, and euermore sall be,  
And for thy sin he saikleslie was thent,  
Be kinde againe, for doutles thou mon die.

Be kind againe for heuin Celestiall.  
Where gloze and ioy without end sall be,  
Be kinde and dreid the cruell paine of hell.  
Chose thee the ane, for doutles thou mon die.

Finis.

Sen throw vertue increffis d'ignity.  
And vertew is flowre and rute of nobles ay,  
Of ony wit or what estate thou be,  
His steps follow, and dreid for none effray,  
Eiect vice, and follow treuth alway  
Lufe maist thy God that first thy lufe began,  
And for ilk inch he will thee quite ane span.

Be not ouer proud in thy prosperity,



Sen throw vertue increffes dignity.  
For as it cummis, fa will it paffe away,  
The time to compt is thort thou may well fee,  
For of greene grasse, fone cummis wallowed hay,  
Labour in trueth quhilk suith is of thy fay,  
Traist maist in God for he best guide thee can,  
And for ilk inch he will thee quite ane span.

Sen word is thzall, and thoght is only free,  
Thou daunt thy fount that power hes and may,  
Thou steik thy Cine fra warlds vanity,  
Refraine thy lust, and harken what I say:  
Graip oz thou slide, and keep furth the hie way,  
Thou hald thee fast vpon thy God and man,  
And for ilk inch he will thee quite ane span.

¶ I P S.

¶ Quod King Iames the first.

THE



The Tabill.

A

All meit and drink.  
All Christin men.  
Alace that fame.  
At the Riuer of.  
All my heart this is.  
Alone I weip in greit.  
Alace vnkindly Christ.  
All my lufe leife me.  
All Christin and faith-  
full in heart be.

B

Blissit is he.  
Be blith all Christin,  
Blis blessed God.  
Blissit are they that.  
Baneist is faith now.  
Blenk in this Mirroure.

C

Christ Baptist was.  
Come heir faith Gods.  
Christ Iesus gaue.  
Christ thou art the.  
Christ Iesus is ane.

D

Downeby yon Riuer.

E

Except the Lord.

F

Fra deip, O Lord.  
For loue of one.  
For our Gude-man.

G

Gif ye haue risen.  
God for thy grace.  
Greuous is my sorrow.  
Goe heart vnto the.  
God send euery.

H

Helpe God the former.  
Hay let vs sing.  
Haue mercy on me.  
Hay now the day.

I

I came fra heauen to.  
In dulce iubilo.  
I call ont he Lord.  
In brugh and Land.  
I loue thee my.  
Intill an mirthfull.  
Iohn come kisse me.  
I am woe for thir.

K

Know ye not God.

Faithfull



The Tabill.

L

Lord God thy face.  
Lord Father God.  
Lord let thy seruand,  
Let vs rejoyce and.  
Lord let me neuer be.

M

Moyfes vpon the.  
My faule does.  
My Loue murnes for.  
Musing greitly in.  
Musing greitly in mys

N

Now let vs sing,

O

Our Father God.  
Our Sauour Christ.  
Onelie to God.  
Of mercie yet hee.  
Of thinges twa.  
O Lord how lang.  
O Lord quha sall.  
O Lord aduert.  
O God be mercifull.  
O Christ whilke art.  
Of the false fire of.  
O man rise vp.  
O man be hald this.

P

Pray God for grace.

Priestes Christ beleue

Q

Quha on the hiest.  
Quho is at my window.  
Quhen fra Egypt depa.  
Quha suld my melody.  
Quha can discriue.

R

Right fore opprest.  
Right fore musing.  
Remember man.

S

Sore I complaine of sin.  
Sinners vnto my.  
Saif vs gude Lord.  
Say well is throchly.  
Sen throw.

T

To vs borne a Barin  
Till Christ whom.  
The grace of God.  
Thou sall nocht.  
Till trew in heart.  
The Lord sayes, I will  
The Heathen folke.  
Tell me now.  
The Bishop of Hely.  
The wind blawes cald.  
The Paip that.  
The Lord he is my.

VVe

# The Tabill.

We trow in God allan.  
We wretched sinners.  
VVe suld beleue in.  
VVelcome Lord.  
VVo is the Heirds of.

W

VVith Bibill matters to  
VVe thanketh God.  
VVe suld into rememb.  
With heuy heart.  
VWas not Salamon.

Y

Yee righteous rejoyce.

## FINIS.





*Adv. Bib.*













